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GOSPEL HYMNS

No. 2.

BY

IRA D. SANKEY AND P. P. BLISS,

AS USED BY THEM IN

GOSPEL MEETINGS.

TORONTO:

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PREFACE.

Realizing the need of new Hymns and Sacred Songs in the meetings conducted by Messrs. MOODY, WHITTLE and others, we have compiled this volume under the title of "GOSPEL HYMNS, No. 2." It will be found to contain a large number of *new* gospel songs, never before published, together with many of the most useful and popular Hymns of the day, both *new* and *old*.

Gratefully recognizing the fact, that in these "times of refreshing," the blessing of God has accompanied the *singing* of His truth, we are encouraged to send forth this additional volume of "GOSPEL HYMNS," with the prayer that they may be blessed to all who sing them, and that through this instrumentality, many may be led to "The Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," and by and by be permitted to join a nobler and better song, "The Song of Moses and the Lamb."

Ira D. Sankey

T. F. Bliss

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GOSPEL HYMNS.

No. 2.

No. 1.

Salvation.

"For the grace of God that bringeth Salvation to all men hath appeared."—TITUS 2: 11.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. { Come, sing the gos - pel's joy - ful sound, Sal - va - tion full and free; }
Pro - claim to all the world a - round, The year of ju - bi - lee! }
2. { Ye mourning souls, a - loud re - joice; Ye blind, your Saviour see! }
Ye pris'ners, sing with thankful voice, The Lord hath made you free! }

CHORUS.

Sal - va - tion, Sal - va - tion, The grace of God doth bring;

Sal - va - tion, Sal - va - tion, Through Christ our Lord and King.

3.
With rapture swell the song again,
Of Jesus' dying love;
'Tis peace on earth, good will to men,
And praise to God above!—Cho.

No. 2.

Onward, Upward.

"Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."—REV. 3: 11.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

IRA D. SANKET, by per.

1. Onward! upward! Christian sol - dier, Turn not back nor sheath thy
 2. Onward! upward! do - ing, dar - ing All for Him who died for
 3. Onward! till thy course is fin - ished, Like the ransomed ones be -

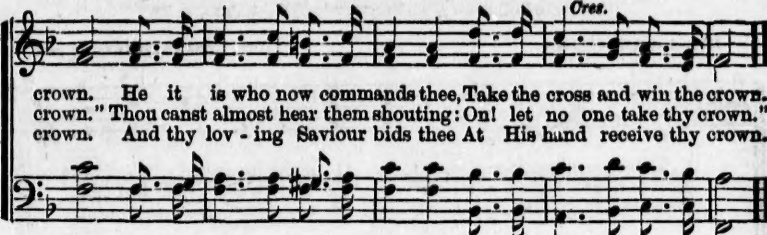
sword, Let its blade be sharp for conquest, In the bat - tle for the
 'hee; Face the foe and meet with boldness Dan - ger what - so - e'er it
 fore; Keep the faith thro' per - se - cu - tion, Nev - er give the bat - tle

Lord. From the great white throne e - ter - nal, God Him - self is looking
 be. From the bat - tlements of glo - ry, Ho - ly ones are looking
 o'er. Onward! up - ward! till vic - torious, Thou shalt lay thy ar - mor

down; He it is who now commands thee, Take the cross and win the
 down, Thou canst almost hear them shouting: "On! let no one take thy
 down, And thy lov - ing Sav - iour bids thee At His hand re - ceive thy

Onward, Upward!—Concluded.

Cres.



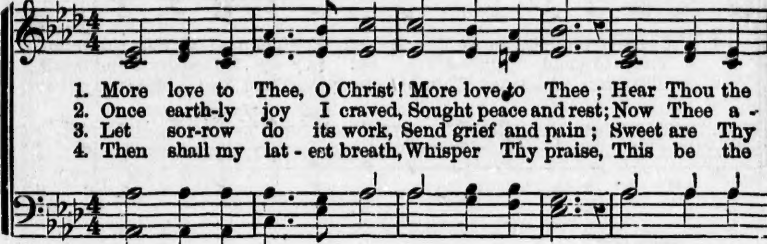
crown. He it is who now commands thee, Take the cross and win the crown.
crown." Thou canst almost hear them shouting: On! let no one take thy crown."
crown. And thy lov - ing Saviour bids thee At His hand receive thy crown.

No. 3. More Love to Thee, O Christ.


Continue ye in my love."—JOHN 15: 9.

Mrs. ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

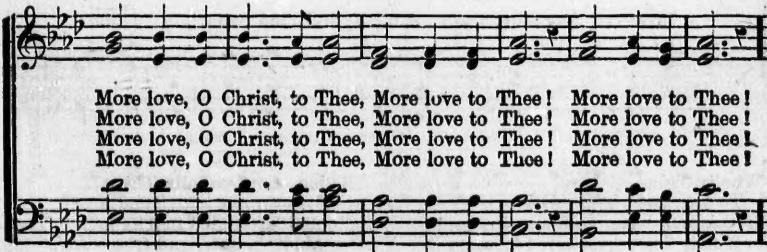
W. H. DOANE, by per.



1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -
3. Let sor-row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy
4. Then shall my lat - est breath, Whisper Thy praise, This be the



prayer I make On bended knee; This is my earn - est plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my prayer shall be,
mes - sen-gers, Sweet their re-frain, When they can sing with me,—
part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be:



More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

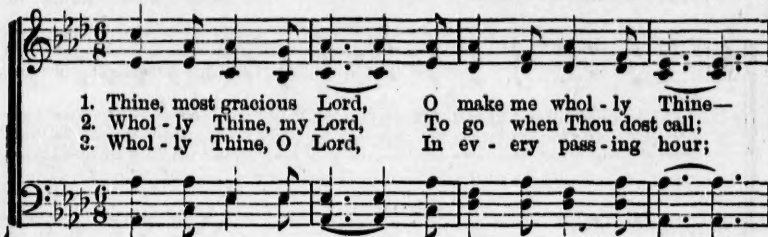
No. 4.

Wholly Thine.

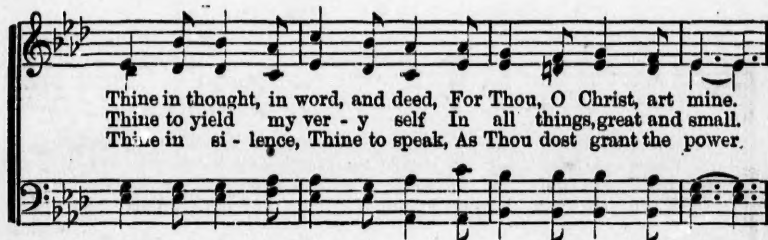
"The God of peace sanctify you wholly."—1 THESS. 5: 23.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWES.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.

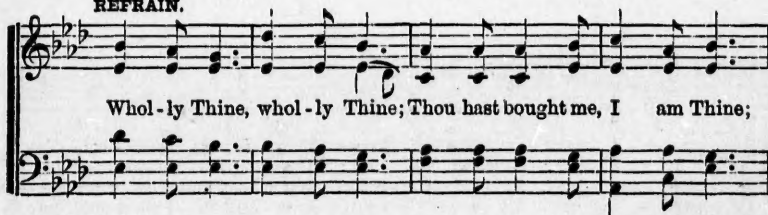


1. Thine, most gracious Lord, O make me whol - ly Thine—
 2. Whol - ly Thine, my Lord, To go when Thou dost call;
 3. Whol - ly Thine, O Lord, In ev - ery pass - ing hour;



Thine in thought, in word, and deed, For Thou, O Christ, art mine.
 Thine to yield my ver - y self In all things, great and small.
 Thine in si - lence, Thine to speak, As Thou dost grant the power.

REFRAIN.



Whol - ly Thine, whol - ly Thine; Thou hast bought me, I am Thine;



Bless - ed Sav - iour, Thou art mine; Make me whol - ly Thine.

4.
 Wholly Thine, O Lord,
 To fashion as Thou wilt,—
 Strengthen, bless, and keep the soul
 Which Thou hast saved from guilt.—*Ref.*

5.
 Thine, Lord, wholly Thine,
 For ever one with Thee—
 Rooted, grounded in Thy love
 Abiding, sure, and free.—*Ref.*

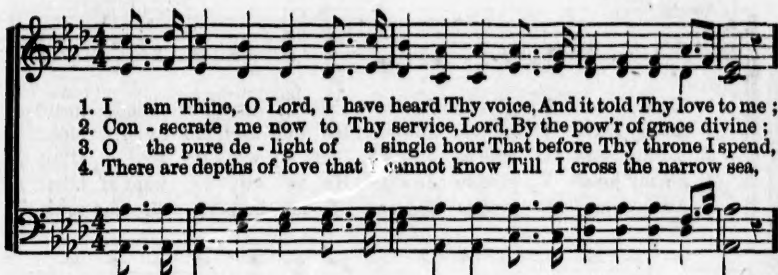
No. 5.

Draw Me Nearer.

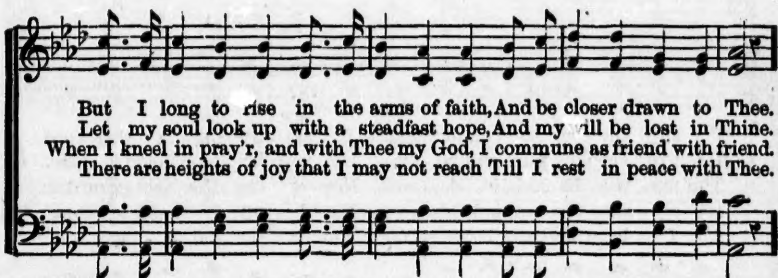
"Let us draw nearer with a new heart."—HEB. 10: 22.

FANNY J. CROSBY

W. H. DOANE, by per.

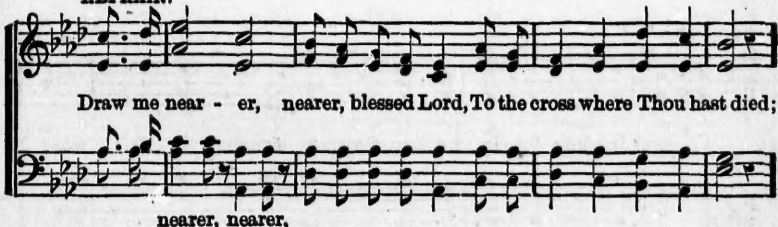


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me ;
 2. Con - secrate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace divine ;
 3. O the pure de - light of a single hour That before Thy throne I spend,
 4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the narrow sea,

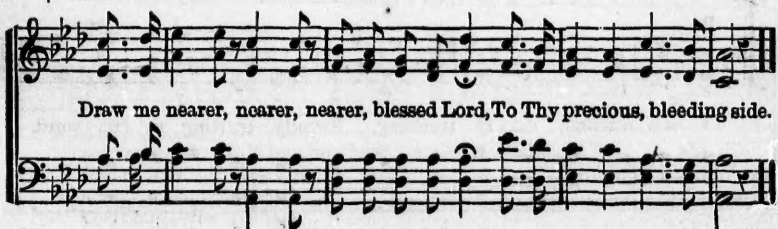


But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be closer drawn to Thee.
 Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
 When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee my God, I commune as friend with friend.
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

REFRAIN.



Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died ;
 nearer, nearer,



Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

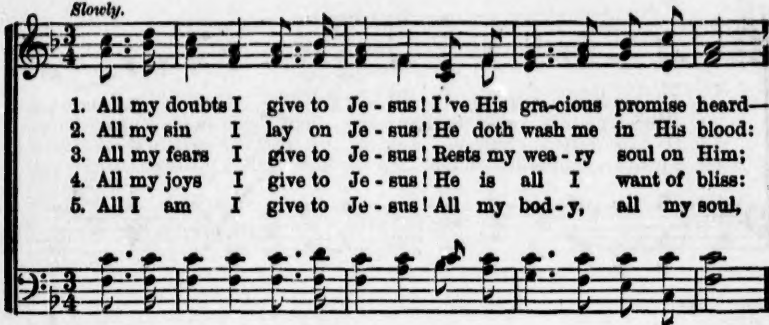
No. 6.

Fully Trusting.

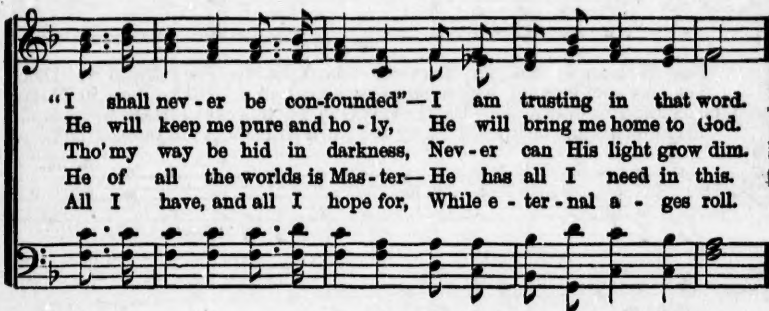
"For I trust in Thy word."—Ps. 119: 49.

J. C. MORGAN.

GEO. C. STUBBS, by per.

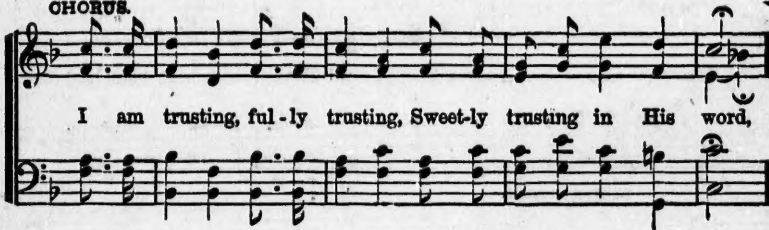
Slowly.


1. All my doubts I give to Je - sus! I've His gra-cious promise heard—
 2. All my sin I lay on Je - sus! He doth wash me in His blood:
 3. All my fears I give to Je - sus! Rests my wea - ry soul on Him;
 4. All my joys I give to Je - sus! He is all I want of bliss:
 5. All I am I give to Je - sus! All my bod-y, all my soul,

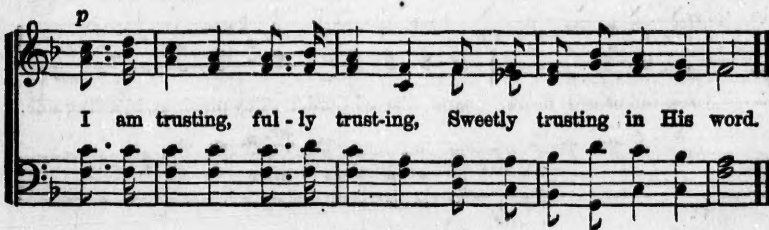


"I shall nev - er be con-founded"—I am trusting in that word.
 He will keep me pure and ho - ly, He will bring me home to God.
 Tho' my way be hid in darkness, Nev - er can His light grow dim.
 He of all the worlds is Mas - ter—He has all I need in this.
 All I have, and all I hope for, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll.

CHORUS.



I am trusting, ful - ly trusting, Sweet - ly trusting in His word,



p
 I am trusting, ful - ly trust - ing, Sweetly trusting in His word.

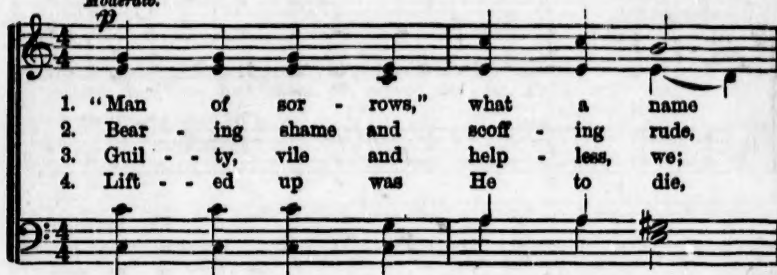
No. 7. Hallelujah, What a Saviour!

"A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief,"—Isa. 53: 3.

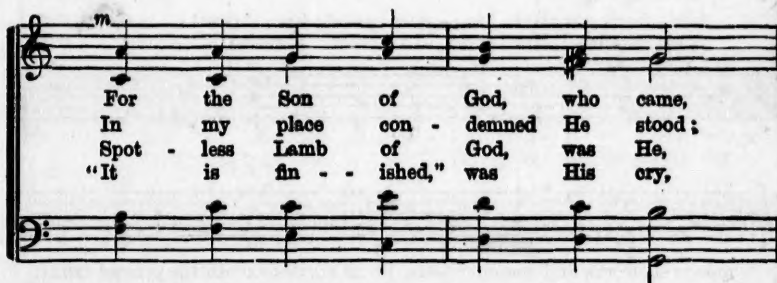
P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss, by per.

Moderato.



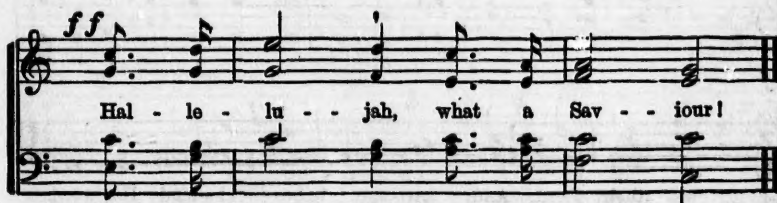
1. "Man of sor - rows," what a name
 2. Bear - ing shame and scoff - ing rude,
 3. Guil - - ty, vile and help - less, we;
 4. Lift - - ed up was He to die,



For the Son of God, who came,
 In my place con - demned He stood;
 Spot - less Lamb of God, was He,
 "It is fin - - ished," was His cry,



Ru - in'd sin - - ners to re - claim!
 Sealed my par - - don with His blood:
 "Full a - - tone - ment," can it be?
 Now in heaven ex - - alt - - ed high;



Hal - le - lu - - jah, what a Sav - - iour!

5 When He comes, our glorious King,
 All His ransomed home to bring,
 Then anew this song we'll sing:
 Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

No. 8.

Jesus Shall Reign.

"The Lord is King forever and ever."—Ps. 10: 16.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

KARL WILHELM. Arr.

f

1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc-cess - ive
2. To Him shall end - less prayer be made And end-less praises

jour - neys run; His king - dom spread from shore to shore, Till
crown His head; His name like sweet perfume shall rise With

moons shall wax and wane no more. From north to south the princes meet,
ev - ery morning sap - ri - fice. Peo - ple and realms of ev - ery tongue

To pay their homage at His feet; While western em - - pires
Dwell on His love with sweetest song, And in - fant voic - - es

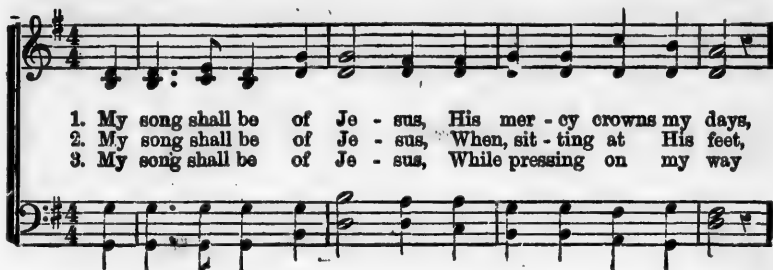
ern their Lord, And sav - age tribes at - tend His word.
shall pre - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His Name.

No. 9. My Song shall be of Jesus.

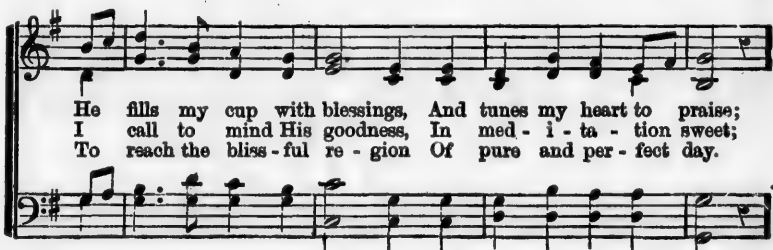
"His praise shall continually be in my mouth."—Ps. 34: 1.

Mrs. VAN ALSTINE.

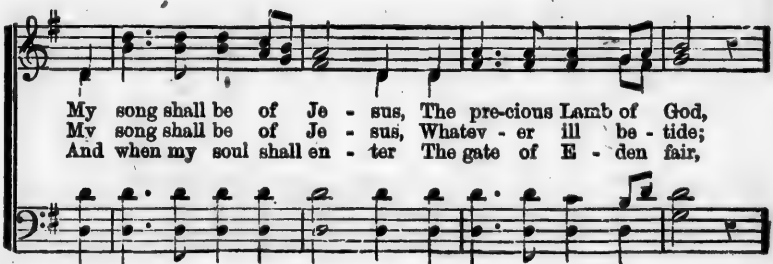
W. H. DOANE, by per.



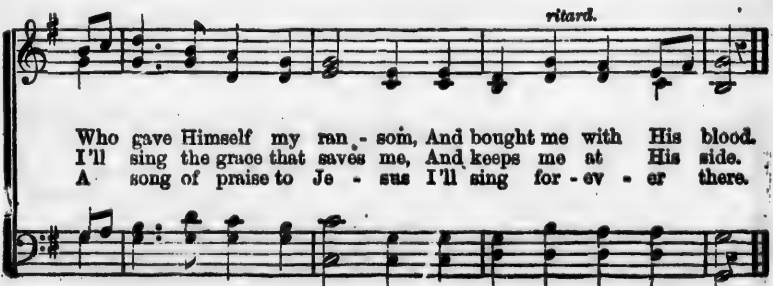
1. My song shall be of Je - sus, His mer - cy crowns my days,
2. My song shall be of Je - sus, When, sit - ting at His feet,
3. My song shall be of Je - sus, While pressing on my way



He fills my cup with blessings, And tunes my heart to praise;
I call to mind His goodness, In med - i - ta - tion sweet;
To reach the bliss - ful re - gion Of pure and per - fect day.



My song shall be of Je - sus, The pre - cious Lamb of God,
My song shall be of Je - sus, Whatev - er ill be - tide;
And when my soul shall en - ter The gate of E - den fair,



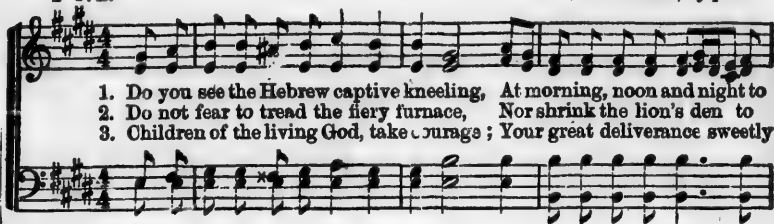
Who gave Himself my ran - som, And bought me with His blood.
I'll sing the grace that saves me, And keeps me at His side.
A song of praise to Je - sus I'll sing for - ev - er there.

No. 10. Are your Windows open toward Jerusalem?

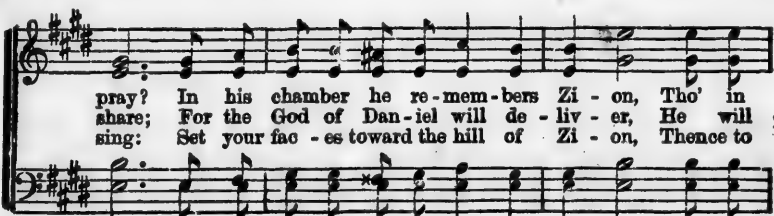
"And his windows being open toward Jerusalem."—DAN. 6: 10.

P. P. E.

P. P. Bliss, by per.

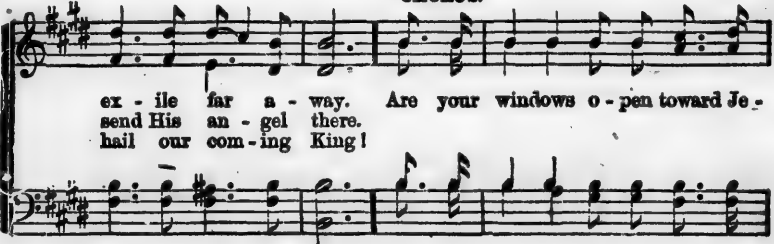


1. Do you see the Hebrew captive kneeling, At morning, noon and night to
2. Do not fear to tread the fiery furnace, Nor shrink the lion's den to
3. Children of the living God, take courage; Your great deliverance sweetly



pray? In his chamber he re-mem-bers Zi - on, Tho' in
share; For the God of Dan-tel will de - liv - er, He will
sing: Set your fac - es toward the hill of Zi - on, Thence to

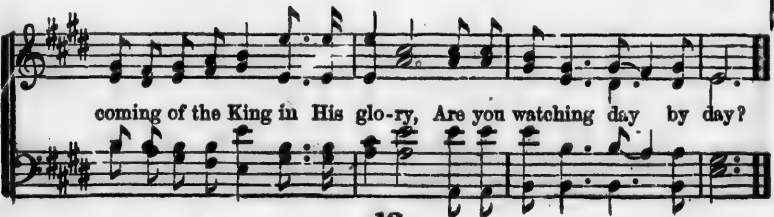
CHORUS.



ex - ile far a - way. Are your windows o - pen toward Je -
send His an - gel there.
hail our com - ing King!



ru - sa - lem, Tho' as captives here a "lit - tle while" we stay? For the



coming of the King in His glo-ry, Are you watching day by day?

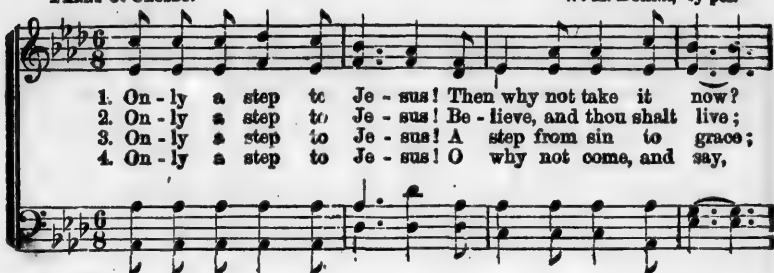
No. 11.

Only a Step to Jesus.

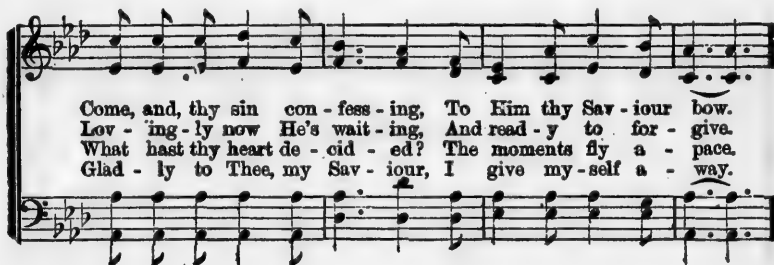
"Then come thou, for there is peace."—1 SAM. 26: 21.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.



1. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Then why not take it now?
 2. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Be - lieve, and thou shalt live;
 3. On - ly a step to Je - sus! A step from sin to grace;
 4. On - ly a step to Je - sus! O why not come, and say,



Come, and, thy sin con - fess - ing, To Him thy Sav - iour bow.
 Lov - ing - ly now He's wait - ing, And read - y to for - give.
 What hast thy heart de - cid - ed? The moments fly a - pace.
 Glad - ly to Thee, my Sav - iour, I give my - self a - way.

REFRAIN.



On - ly a step, On - ly a step; Come, He waits for Thee;



Come, and, thy sin con - fess - ing, Thou shalt receive a bless - ing;



Do not re - ject the mer - cy He free - ly of - fers thee.

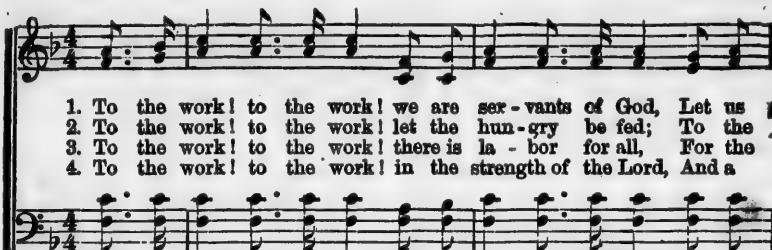
No. 12.

To the Work.

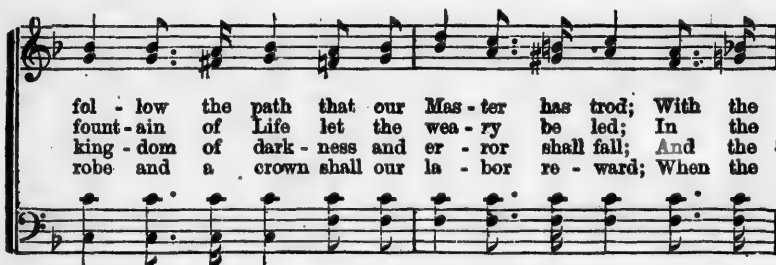
"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. 21: 28.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1871.

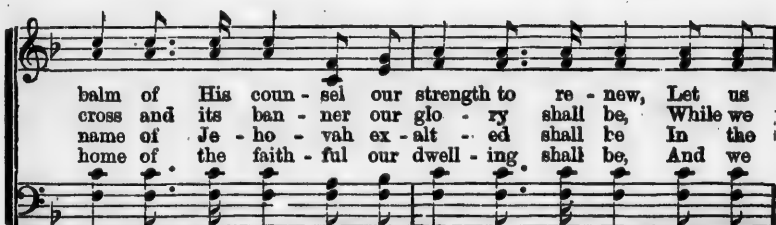
W. H. DOANE, by per.



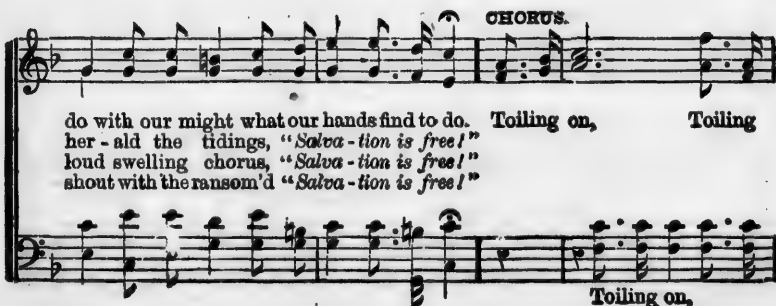
1. To the work! to the work! we are ser-vants of God, Let us
 2. To the work! to the work! let the hun-gry be fed; To the
 3. To the work! to the work! there is la-bor for all, For the
 4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a



fol-low the path that our Mas-ter has trod; With the
 fount-ain of Life let the wea-ry be led; In the
 king-dom of dark-ness and er-ror shall fall; And the
 robe and a crown shall our la-bor re-ward; When the



balm of His coun-sel our strength to re-new, Let us
 cross and its ban-ner our glo-ry shall be, While we
 name of Je-ho-vah ex-alt-ed shall be, In the
 home of the faith-ful our dwell-ing shall be, And we



CHORUS.
 do with our might what our hands find to do. Toiling on, Toiling
 her-ald the tidings, "Salva-tion is free!"
 loud swelling chorus, "Salva-tion is free!"
 shout with the ransom'd "Salva-tion is free!"
 Toiling on,

To the Work.—Concluded.

on, Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, Let us
Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on,
hope, Let us watch, And la - bor till the Master comes.
and trust, and pray,

No. 13.

All for Me.

"And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it on His head, and a reed in His hand."—MATT. 27: 29.

ANON.

IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.

Tenderly.

1. Suff'ring Saviour, with thorn crown, Bruis'd and bleedingsinking down; Heavy laden,
2. Jesus, Saviour, pure and mild, Let me ev - er be Thy child; So unworthy
3. Fain would I to Thee be brought, Blessed Lord forbid it not; In the kingdom

Rit.

Rall.

weary worn, Fainting, dying, crush'd and torn—All for me, yes, all for me.
though I be, Thou did'st suffer this for me,— All for me, yes, all for me.
of Thy grace, Give Thy wand'ring child a place, Oh, bless me, yes, even me.

No. 14.


Immanuel's Land.

"And there shall be no night there."—REV. 22: 5.

ANNIE R. COURIN, 1857.

C. M. WYMAN, by per.


Earnestly.




1. The sands of time are sink-ing, The dawn of heaven breaks,
2. I've wres-tled on t'ward heaven, 'Gainst storm and wind and tide,
3. Deep wa-ter's crossed life's pathway, The hedge of thorns was sharp;



The sum-mer morn I've sighed for— The fair, sweet morn a - wakes.
Now, like a wea-ry trav'-ler That lean-eth on his guide,
Now these lie all be-hind me— O! for a well tuned harp!



Dark, dark hath been the midnight, But day-spring is at hand,
A - - mid the shades of evening, While sinks life's lingering sand,
O, to join the hal - le - lu - jah With yon triumph-ant band!



And glo-ry—glo-ry dwelleth In Im-man-uel's land.
I hail the glo-ry dawning, From Im-man-uel's land.
Who sing where glo-ry dwelleth, In Im-man-uel's land.

No. 15.

Dark is the Night.

"Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."—Ps. 33: 7.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

T. E. PERKINS, by per.

1 { Dark is the night, and cold the wind is blowing, Near - er and
Where shall I go, or whith - er fly for re - fuge? Hide me, my

CHORUS.

near - er comes the breaker's roar; } With His loving hand to guide, let the
Father, till the storm is o'er; } I can brave the wildest storm, with His

1st time.

clouds a - bove me roll, And the billows in their fu - ry dash a -
glo - ry in my soul, I can (Omit.....)

2d time.

round me. } sing a - midst the tem - pest—Praise the Lord!

2 Dark is the night, but cheering is the promise ;
He will go with me o'er the troubled wave ;
Safe He will lead me through the pathless waters,
Jesus, the mighty one, and strong to save.

3 Dark is the night, but lo ! the day is breaking.
Onward my bark, unfurl thy every sail ;
Now at the helm I see my Father standing,
Soon will my anchor drop within the vail.


No. 16.

I Know He is Mine.


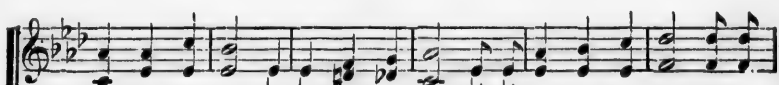
"These things have I written, that ye may know."—1 JOHN 5:—13.

P. P. Bliss.


IRA D. SANKER, by per.




1. A long time I wandered in darkness and sin, And wondered if ever the
2. I heard the glad gospel of "good will to men;" I read "WHOSOEVER" a -



light would shine in; I heard Christian friends tell of rapture di-vine, And I
gain and a - gain; I said to my soul, "Can that promise be thine?" And




CHORUS.



wished, how I wished, that their Saviour were mine. I wished He were mine, yes, I
then be - gan *hoping* that Je - sus was mine. I *hoped* He was mine, yes, I

wished He were mine; I wished—how I *wished*—that their Saviour were mine.
hoped He was mine, And then be - gan *hop - ing* that Je - sus was mine.



3 Oh, mercy surprising, He saves even me!
"Thy portion for ever," He says, "will I be;"
On His word I'm resting—assurance divine—
I'm "hoping" no longer, I *know* He is mine!
I *know* He is mine, yes, I *know* He is mine,
I'm hoping no longer,—I *know* He is mine!

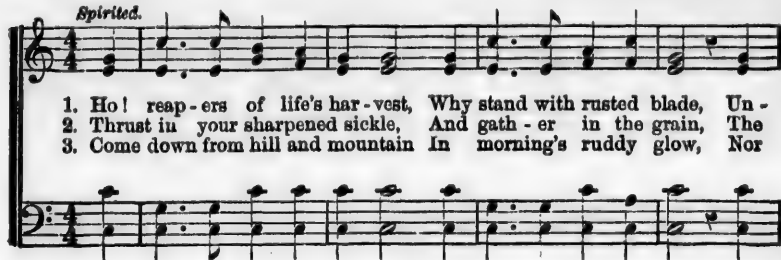
No. 17. Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."—MATT. 9: 37.

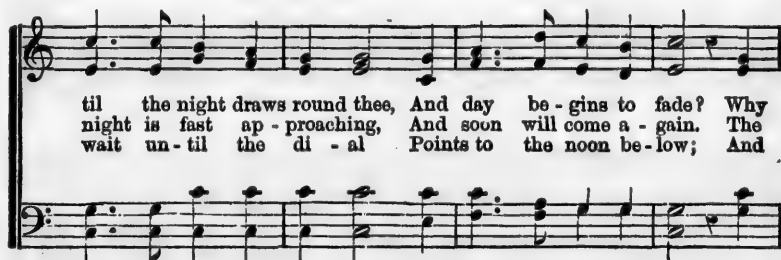
I. B. W.

I. B. WOODBURY, by per.

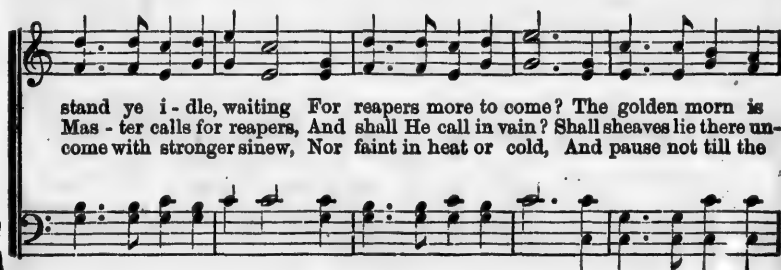
Spirited.



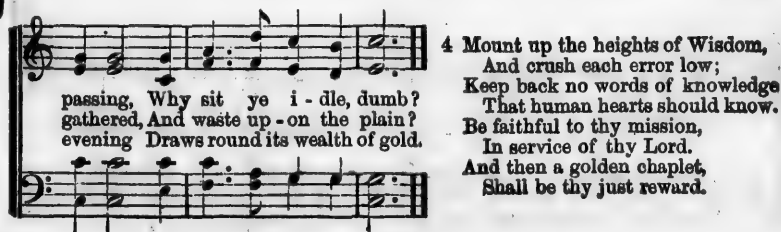
1. Ho! reap - ers of life's har - vest, Why stand with rusted blade, Un -
 2. Thrust in your sharpened sickle, And gath - er in the grain, The
 3. Come down from hill and mountain In morning's ruddy glow, Nor



til the night draws round thee, And day be - gins to fade? Why
 night is fast ap - proaching, And soon will come a - gain. The
 wait un - til the di - al Points to the noon be - low; And



stand ye i - dle, waiting For reapers more to come? The golden morn is
 Mas - ter calls for reapers, And shall He call in vain? Shall sheaves lie there un -
 come with stronger sinew, Nor faint in heat or cold, And pause not till the



4 Mount up the heights of Wisdom,
 And crush each error low;
 Keep back no words of knowledge
 That human hearts should know.
 Be faithful to thy mission,
 In service of thy Lord.
 And then a golden chaplet,
 Shall be thy just reward.

No. 18.

Joy in Sorrow.

"Your sorrow shall be turned into joy."—JOHN 16: 22.

Mrs. JANE CREWIDSON.

IRA D. HANKEY, by per.

1. I've found a joy in sor-row, A se-cret balm for pain, A
2. I've found a glad ho-san-na For ev-ery woe and wail; A

beau-ti-ful to-mor-row Of sun-shine af-ter rain; I've
hand-ful of sweet man-na When grapes of Esh-col fail; I've

found a branch of heal-ing Near ev-ery bit-ter spring, A
found a Rock of A-ges When de-sert wells are dry; And,

whispered promise steal-ing O'er ev-ery bro-ken string, A
af-ter wea-ry sta-ges, I've found an E-lim nigh, And

whispered promise steal-ing O'er ev-ery bro-ken string.
af-ter wea-ry sta-ges, I've found an E-lim nigh.

Joy in Sorrow.—Concluded.

3 An Elim with its coolness,
Its fountains and its shade ;
A blessing in its fulness,
When buds of promise fade.
O'er tears of soft contrition
I seen a rainbow light ;
A glory and fruition,
So near !—yet out of sight.

4 My Saviour, Thee possessing,
I have the joy, the balm,
The healing and the blessing,
The sunshine and the psalm ;
The promise for the fearful,
The Elim for the faint ;
The rainbow for the tearful,
The glory for the saint !

No. 19.

The Heavenly Land.

"A better country, That is an heavenly."—HEB. 11: 16.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1 { I love to think of the heavenly land Where white-robed angels
Where many a friend is gathered safe From fear and toil and

REFRAIN.

are ;
care. { There'll be no part - ing, There'll be no part - ing,

There'll be no part - ing, There'll be no part - ing there.

2 I love to think of the heavenly land,
Where my Redeemer reigns,
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,
In endless, joyous strains. *Ref.*

3 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The saints eternal home. [fade,
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er
And all our joys are one. *Ref.*

4 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The greetings there we'll meet,
The harps—the songs forever ours—
The walks—the golden streets. *Ref.*

5 I love to think of the heavenly land,
That promised land so fair,
Oh, how my raptured spirit longs
To be forever there. *Ref.*

No. 20.

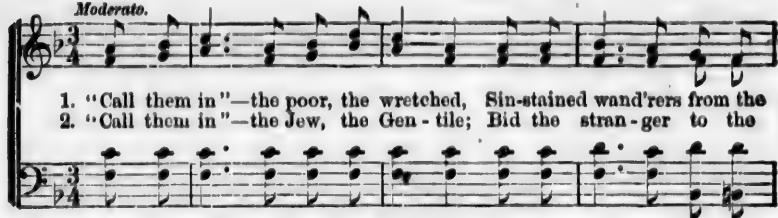
Call Them in.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."—LUKE 14: 23;

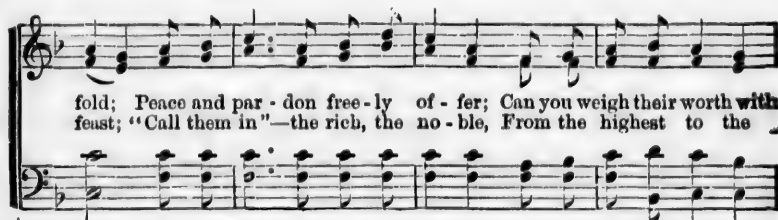
English.

INA. D. SANKEY, by per.

Moderato.



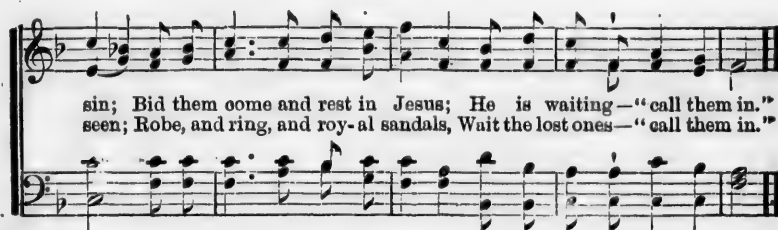
1. "Call them in"—the poor, the wretched, Sin-stained wand'ers from the
2. "Call them in"—the Jew, the Gen-tile; Bid the stran-ger to the



fold; Peace and par-don free-ly of-fer; Can you weigh their worth with
feast; "Call them in"—the rich, the no-ble, From the highest to the



gold; "Call them in"—the weak, the weary, Lad-den with the doom of
least: Forth the Fa-ther runs to meet them, He hath all their sorrows



sin; Bid them come and rest in Jesus; He is waiting—"call them in."
seen; Robe, and ring, and roy-al sandals, Wait the lost ones—"call them in."

3 "Call them in"—the mere professors,
Slumbering, sleeping, on death's brink;
Nought of life are they possessors,
Yet of safety vainly think:
Bring them in—the careless scoffers,
Pleasure seekers of the earth:
Tell of God's most gracious offers,
And of Jesus' priceless worth.

4 "Call them in"—the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;
Speak Love's message low and tender,
'Twas for sinners Jesus came:
See, the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming—"call them in."

No. 21.

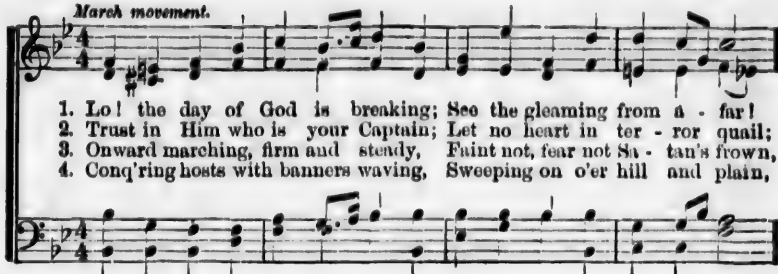
Hear the Call.

"Put on the whole armor of God."—EPH. 6: 11.

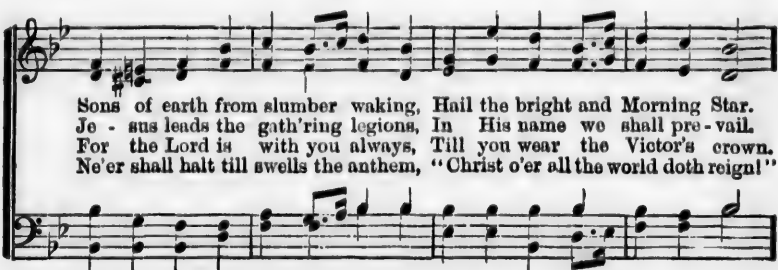
W. F. S.

WM. F. SHERWIN, 1876, by per.

March movement.

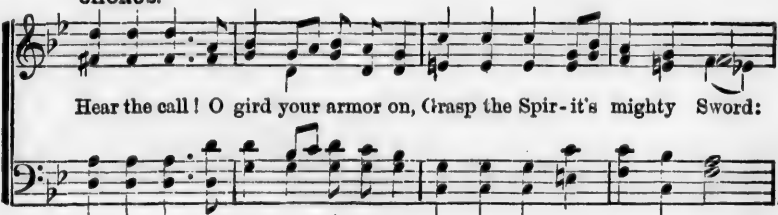


1. Lo! the day of God is breaking; See the gleaming from a - far!
2. Trust in Him who is your Captain; Let no heart in ter - ror quail;
3. Onward marching, firm and steady, Faint not, fear not Sa - tan's frown,
4. Conq'ring hosts with banners waving, Sweeping on o'er hill and plain,

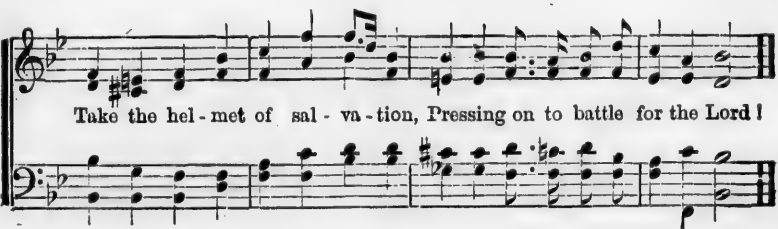


Sons of earth from slumber waking, Hail the bright and Morning Star.
 Je - sus leads the gath'ring legions, In His name we shall pre-vail.
 For the Lord is with you always, Till you wear the Victor's crown.
 Ne'er shall halt till swells the anthem, "Christ o'er all the world doth reign!"

CHORUS.



Hear the call! O gird your armor on, Grasp the Spir-it's mighty Sword:



Take the hel-met of sal - va - tion, Pressing on to battle for the Lord!

No. 22.

Yet There is Room.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

"Yet there is room."—LUKE 14: 22.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per. 7

Slow, with expression.



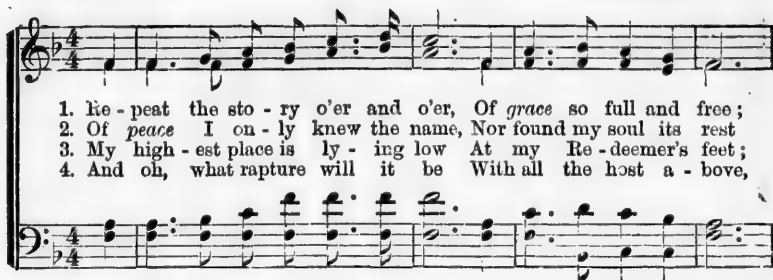
- 2 Day is declining, and the sun is low;
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast:
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 5 Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now;
- 6 Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 7 All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 8 Louder and sweeter, sounds the loving call;
Come lingerer, come; enter that festal hall:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom:
Then the last, low, long cry:—"No room, no room!"
No room, no room.—oh, woful cry, "No room!"

No. 23. The Half was Never Told.

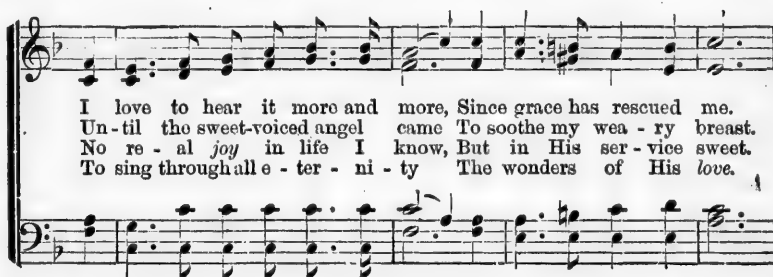
"Behold, the half was not told."—KINGS 10: 7.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. lie - peat the sto - ry o'er and o'er, Of *grace* so full and free;
 2. Of *peace* I on - ly knew the name, Nor found my soul its rest
 3. My high - est place is ly - ing low At my Re - deemer's feet;
 4. And oh, what rapture will it be With all the host a - bove,

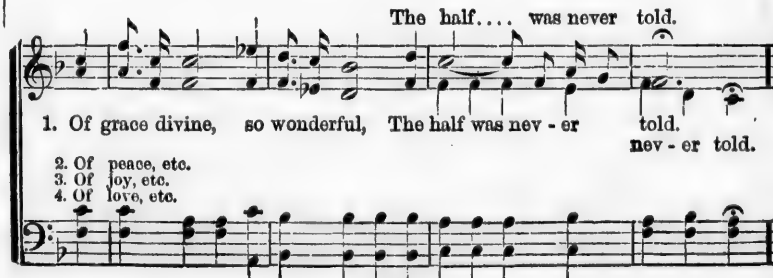


I love to hear it more and more, Since *grace* has rescued me.
 Un - til the sweet-voiced angel came To soothe my wea - ry breast.
 No re - al joy in life I know, But in His ser - vice sweet.
 To sing through all e - ter - ni - ty The wonders of His *love*.

CHORUS.



The half... was never told,
 The half was nev - er told, The half was never told,
 never told, never told,



The half... was never told.
 1. Of *grace* divine, so wonderful, The half was nev - er told.
 2. Of *peace*, etc.
 3. Of *joy*, etc.
 4. Of *love*, etc.
 nev - er told.

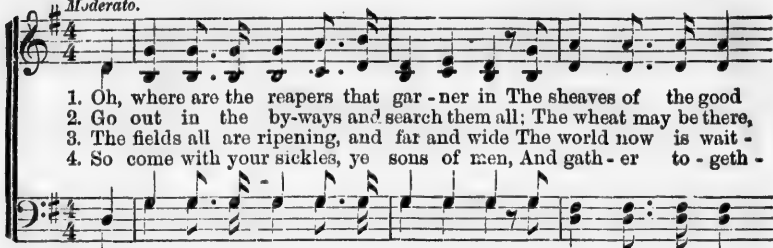
No. 24. Oh, Where are the Reapers.

"I will say to the reapers: gather the wheat into my barn."—MATT. 13: 30.

EBEN E. REXFORD

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

Moderato.

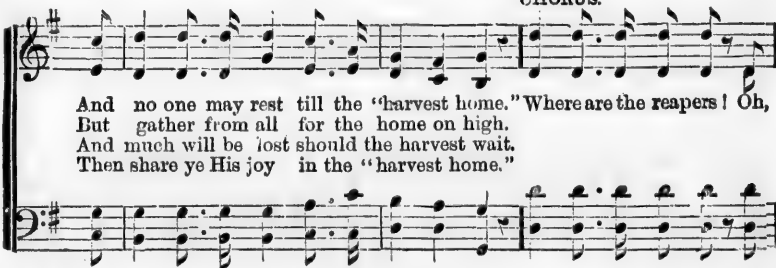


1. Oh, where are the reapers that gar - ner in The sheaves of the good
 2. Go out in the by-ways and search them all; The wheat may be there,
 3. The fields all are ripening, and far and wide The world now is wait -
 4. So come with your sickles, ye sons of men, And gath - er to - geth -

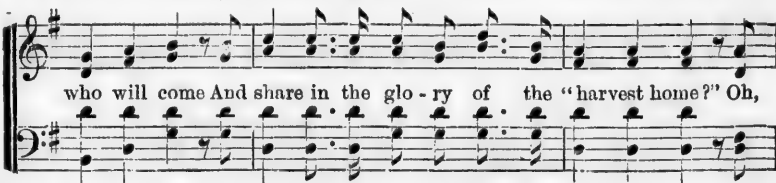


from the fields of sin; With sickles of truth must the work be done,
 though the weeds are tall, Then search in the highway, and pass none by,
 ing the har - vest tide. But reapers are few, and the work is great,
 er the gold - en grain; Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come,

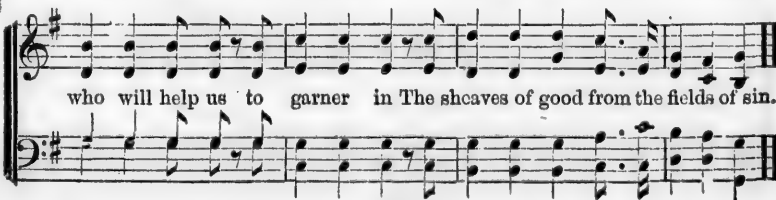
CHORUS.



And no one may rest till the "harvest home." Where are the reapers! Oh,
 But gather from all for the home on high.
 And much will be lost should the harvest wait.
 Then share ye His joy in the "harvest home."



who will come And share in the glo - ry of the "harvest home?" Oh,



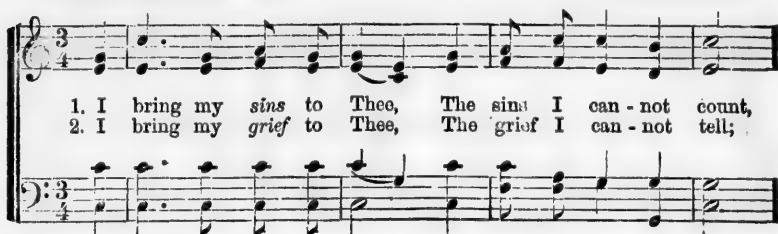
who will help us to garner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin.

No. 25. I Bring my Sins to Thee.

"In returning and rest ye shall be saved."—ISA. 30 : 15.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

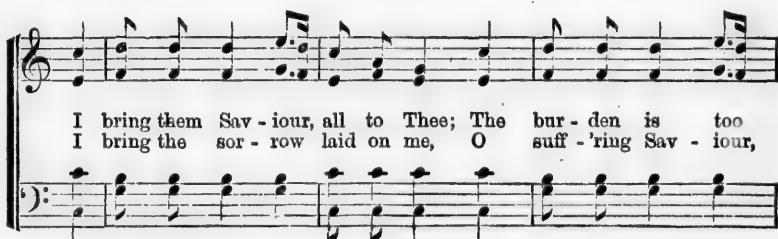
P. P. Bliss, by per.



1. I bring my *sins* to Thee, The *sins* I can - not count,
2. I bring my *grief* to Thee, The *grief* I can - not tell;



That all may cleansed be In Thy once o - pened Fount;
No words shall need - ed be, Thou know - est all so well;



I bring them Sav - iour, all to Thee; The bur - den is too
I bring the sor - row laid on me, O suff - 'ring Sav - iour,



great for me, The bur - den is too great for me.
all to Thee, O suff - 'ring Sav iour, all to Thee.

3 My *joys* to Thee I bring,
The joys thy love has given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven,
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
Who hast procured them all for me.

4 My *life* I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone,
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King.

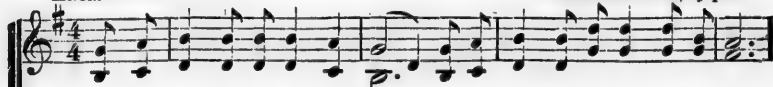
No. 26.

Song of Salvation.

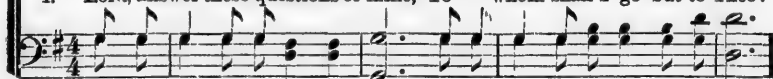
"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

ANON.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.




1. I have heard of a Saviour's love, And a won-der-ful love it must be;
 2. I have heard how He suffered and bled, How He languish'd and died on the tree;
 3. I've been told of a heaven on high, Which the children of Jesus shall see;
 4. Lord, answer these questions of mine, To whom shall I go but to Thee?



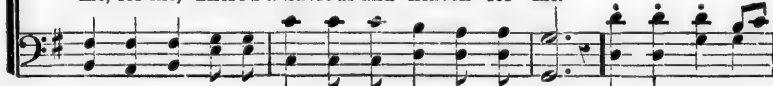


But did He come down from a - bove, Out of love and compassion for
 But then is it an - y - where said, That He languish'd and suffered for
 But is there a place in the sky Made read - y and furnished for
 And say by Thy Spir - it di - vine, There's a Saviour and heaven for



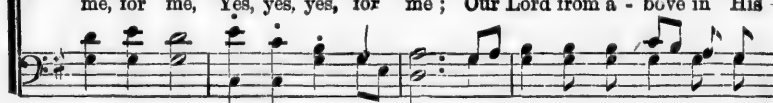

CHORUS.




me, for me, Out of love and compassion for me? *Response. **
 me, for me, That He languished and suffered for me! Yes, yes, yes, for
 me, for me, Made read - y and furnished for me?
 me, for me, There's a Saviour and heaven for me.

me, for me, Yes, yes, yes, for me; Our Lord from a - bove in His

in - fin - ite love, On the cross died to save you and me.



* The Response, or Scripture text, to be read for each verse, before singing the Chorus.

Song of Salvation.—Concluded.

1. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." 1 TIM. 1: 15.—*Cho.*

2. "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities. And with His stripes we are healed." ISA. 53: 5.—*Cho.*

3. "In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you. . . . That where I am, there ye may be also." JOHN 14: 2, 3. *Cho.*

4. "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be my son." REV. 21: 6, 7.—*Cho.*

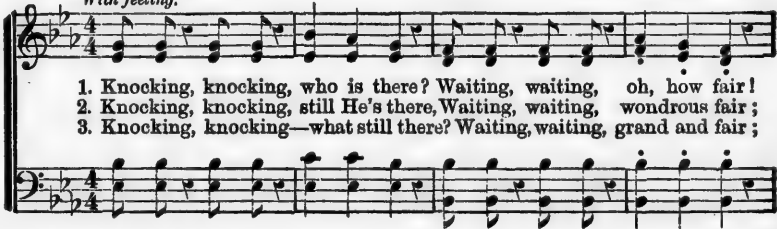
No. 27. Knocking, Knocking, Who is There?

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door,
I will come in to him and sup with him, and he with me."—REV. 3: 10.

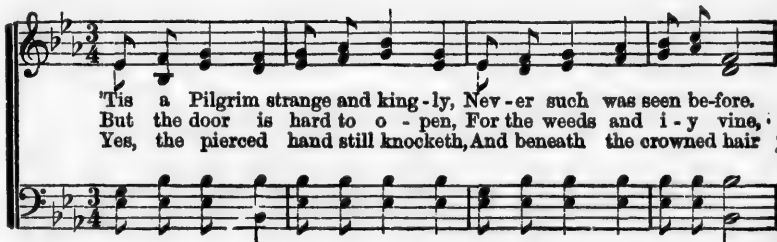
Mrs. H. B. STOWE, arr.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

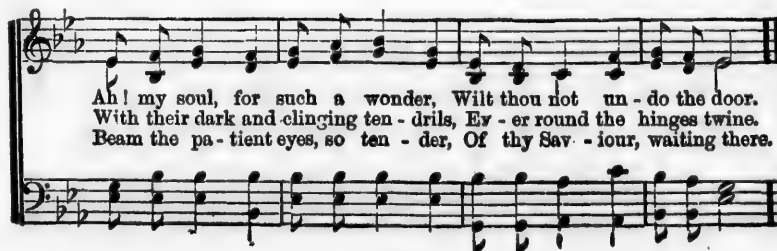
With feeling.



1. Knocking, knocking, who is there? Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!
2. Knocking, knocking, still He's there, Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
3. Knocking, knocking—what still there? Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;



'Tis a Pilgrim strange and king-ly, Nev-er such was seen be-fore.
But the door is hard to o-pen, For the weeds and i-y vine,
Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh, And beneath the crowned hair



Ah! my soul, for such a wonder, Wilt thou not un-do the door.
With their dark and clinging ten-drils, Ev-er round the hinges twine.
Beam the pa-tient eyes, so ten-der, Of thy Sav-iour, waiting there.

No. 28.

At the Feet of Jesus.

"Mary which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word."—LUKE 10: 39.

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss, by per.

Moderato.

1. At the feet of Je - sus, Last - 'ning to His word:
 2. At the feet of Je - sus, Pour - ing per - fume rare,
 3. At the feet of Je - sus, In that morn - ing hour,

Learn - ing wis - dom's les - son From her lov - ing Lord:
 Ma - ry did her Sav - iour For the grave pre - pare:
 Lov - ing hearts re - ceiv - ing Res - ur - rec - tion power:

Ma - ry, led by heav'nly grace, Chose the meek dis - ci - ple's place.
 And, from love the "good work" done, She her Lord's ap - prov - al won.
 Haste with joy to preach the word: "Christ is ris - en, Praise the Lord!"

CHORUS.

At the feet of Je - sus is the place for me,
 At the feet of Je - sus is the place for me,
 At the feet of Je - sus, ris - en now for me,

There a hum - ble learn - er would I choose to be.
 There in sweet - est ser - vice would I ev - er be.
 I shall sing His prais - es through e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 29.

A Little While.

"What is this that he saith a little while."—JOHN 16: 17.

Mrs. JANE CREWDBON.

IRA D. SANKER, by per.

Slowly.

1. Oh, for the peace that floweth as a riv - er, Making life's

desert places bloom and smile; Oh, for the faith to grasp "Heav'n's bright "or-

ev - er," A - mid the shad - ows of earth's "lit - tle while."

2 "A little while" for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the storm and wrestle with the strong;
"A little while" to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.

3 "A little while" the earthen pitcher taking,
To wayside brooks, from far off fountains fed;
Then the parched lip its thirst forever slaking
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

4 "A little while" to keep the oil from failing,
"A little while" faith's flickering lamp to trim;
And then the Bridegroom's coming hailing,
We'll haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

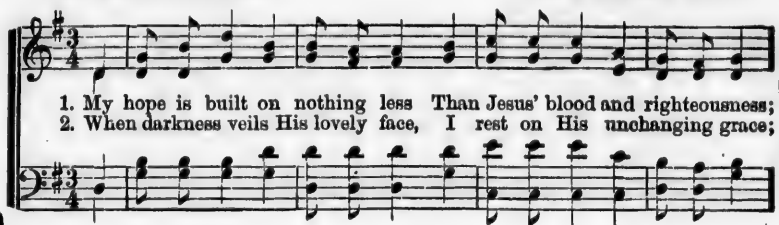
No. 30.

The Solid Rock.


"The Lord is my defence, and rock of my refuge."—Ps. 94: 22.

Rev. EDWARD MOTE, 1825.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per

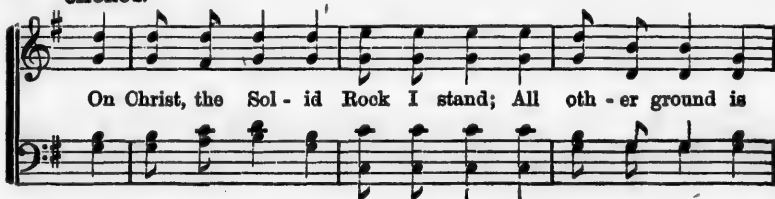


1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
2. When darkness veils His lovely face, I rest on His unchanging grace;



I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je-sus' name.
In ev-ery high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the veil.

CHORUS.



On Christ, the Sol-id Rock I stand; All oth-er ground is



sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
O, may I then in Him be found;
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne!

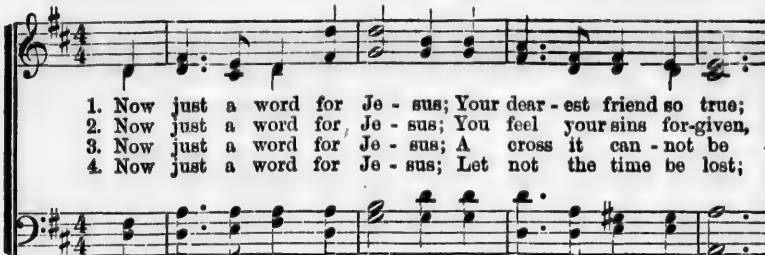
No. 31.

Just a Word for Jesus.

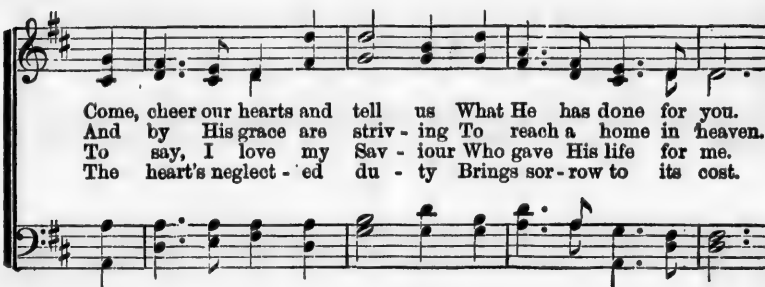
"Wilt thou not tell."—Ezek. 24: 19.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

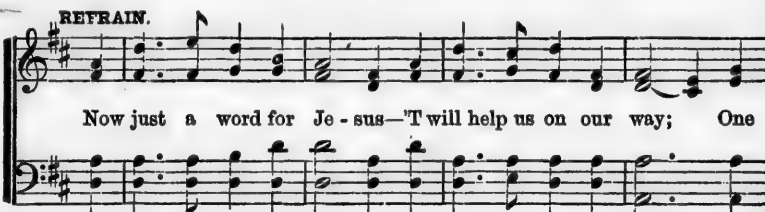


1. Now just a word for Je - sus; Your dear - est friend so true;
 2. Now just a word for Je - sus; You feel your sins for-given,
 3. Now just a word for Je - sus; A cross it can - not be
 4. Now just a word for Je - sus; Let not the time be lost;



Come, cheer our hearts and tell us What He has done for you.
 And by His grace are striv - ing To reach a home in heaven.
 To say, I love my Sav - iour Who gave His life for me.
 The heart's neglect - ed du - ty Brings sor - row to its cost.

REFRAIN.



Now just a word for Je - sus—'T will help us on our way; One



lit - tle word for Je - sus, O speak, or sing, or pray.

5.

Now just a word for Jesus;
 And if your faith be dim,
 Arise in all your weakness,
 And leave the rest to Him.—Ref.

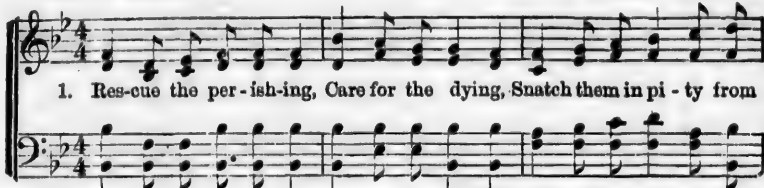
No. 32.

Rescue the Perishing.

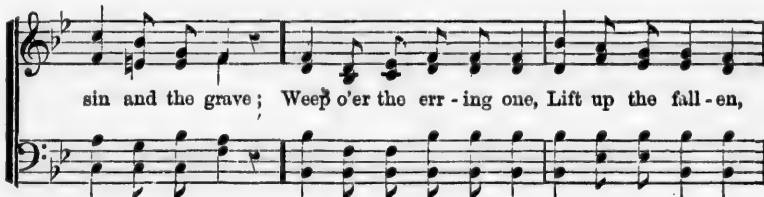
"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—LUKE 14: 23.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

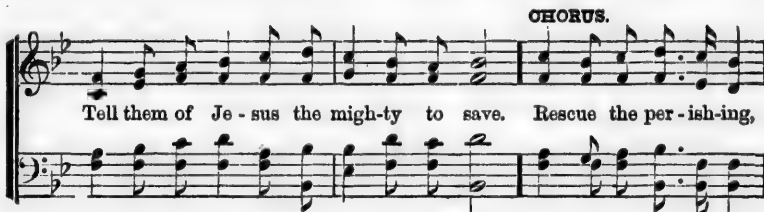
W. H. DOANE, by per.



1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dying, Snatch them in pi-ty from



sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall-en,



CHORUS.

Tell them of Je-sus the might-ty to save. Rescue the per-ish-ing,



Care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.

2 Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently:
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,

Feelings lie buried that grace can restore: Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness, [more.
Chords that were broken will vibrate once

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it; [provide:
Strength for thy labor the Lord will
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;

No. 33. Trusting Jesus, That is All.

"Though he slay me, yet will I trust him."—JOS 13: 15.

ANON.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



1. Simply trusting ev - ery day, Trusting thro' a stormy way;
 2. Brightly doth His Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;
 3. Singing, if my way is clear; Praying, if the path is drear;
 4. Trusting Him while life shall last, Trusting Him till earth is past;




E - ven when my faith is small, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.
 While He leads I can - not fall, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.
 If in dan - ger, for Him call; Trusting Je - sus, that is all.
 Till within the jas - per wall, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.

CHORUS.



Trusting as the moments fly, Trusting as the days go by;



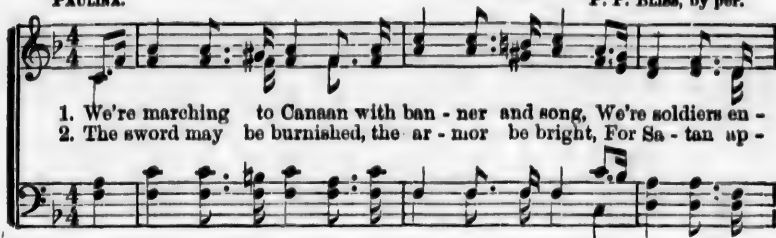
Trusting Him whate'er be - fall, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.

No. 34. Who's on the Lord's Side?

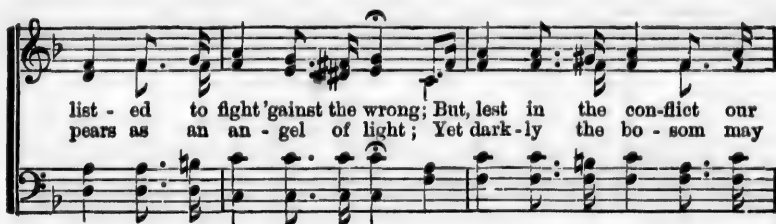
"Who is on the Lord's side."—Ex. 33: 26.

PAULINA.

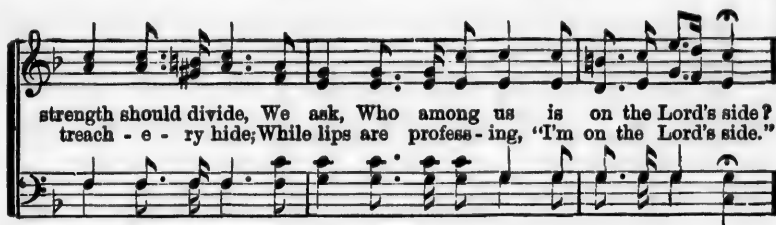
P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. We're marching to Canaan with ban - ner and song, We're soldiers en -
2. The sword may be burnished, the ar - mor be bright, For Sa - tan ap -

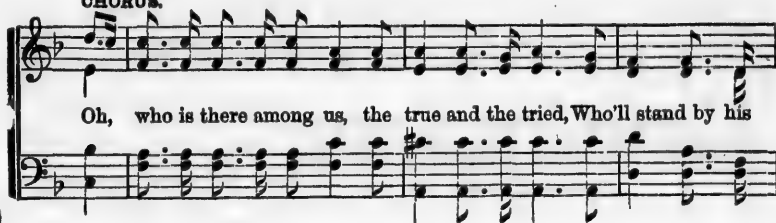


list - ed to fight 'gainst the wrong; But, lest in the con - flict our
pears as an an - gel of light; Yet dark - ly the bo - som may



strength should divide, We ask, Who among us is on the Lord's side?
treach - e - ry hide; While lips are profess - ing, "I'm on the Lord's side."

CHORUS.

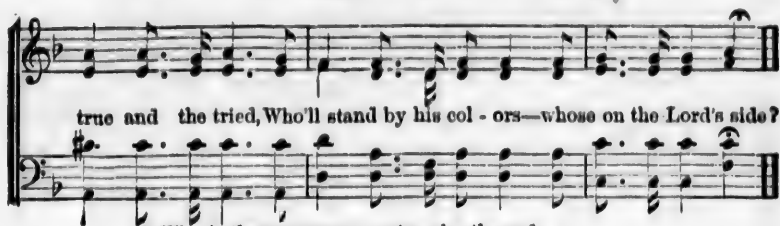


Oh, who is there among us, the true and the tried, Who'll stand by his



colors—who's on the Lord's side? Oh, who is there among us, the

Who's on the Lord's Side?—Concluded.



3 Who is there among us yet under the rod,
Who knows not the pardoning mercy of God?
Oh, bring to Him humbly the heart in its pride;
Oh, haste, while He's waiting and seek the Lord's side. *Cho.*

4 Oh, heed not the sorrow, the pain and the wrong,
For soon shall our sighing be changed into song;
So, bearing the cross of our covenant Guide,
We'll shout, as we triumph, "I'm on the Lord's side." *Cho.*

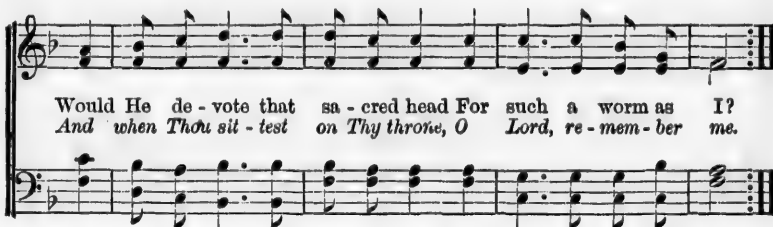
No. 35.

Remember Me.

"O Lord, Thou knowest; remember."—JER. 15: 15.

ISAAC WATTS.

ASA HULL, by per.



2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree. *Cho.*

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died
For man, the creature's sin. *Cho.*

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
Whilst His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears. *Cho.*

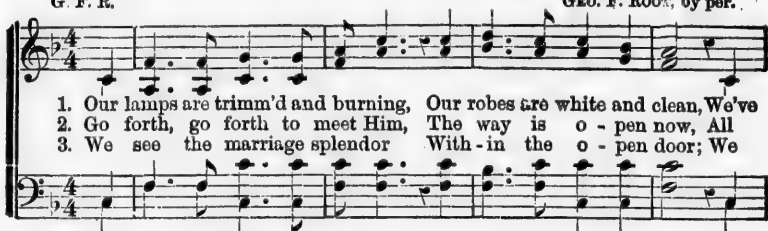
5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do. *Cho.*

No. 36. Behold, the Bridegroom Cometh !

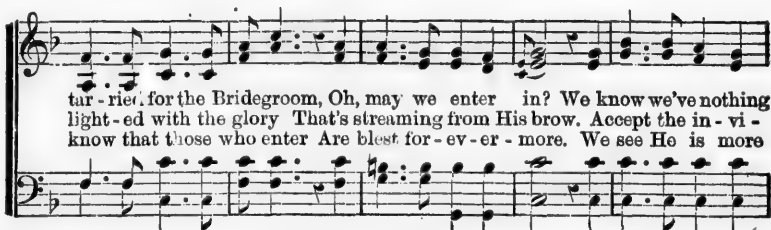
"At midnight there was a cry made, behold the Bridegroom cometh!"—MATT. 25: 6.

G. F. R.

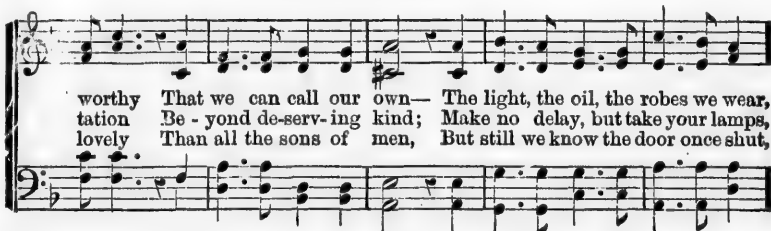
GEO. F. ROOT, by per.



1. Our lamps are trimm'd and burning, Our robes are white and clean, We've
 2. Go forth, go forth to meet Him, The way is o - pen now, All
 3. We see the marriage splendor With - in the o - pen door; We

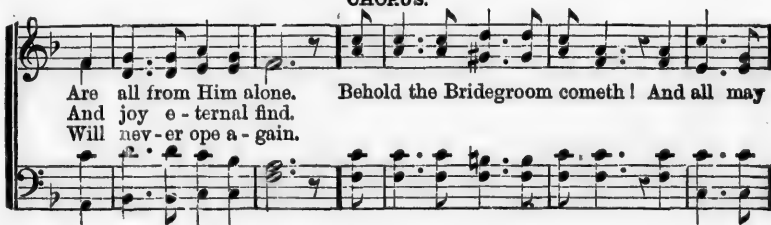


tar - ried for the Bridegroom, Oh, may we enter in? We know we've nothing
 light - ed with the glory That's streaming from His brow. Accept the in - vi -
 know that those who enter Are blest for - ev - er - more. We see He is more

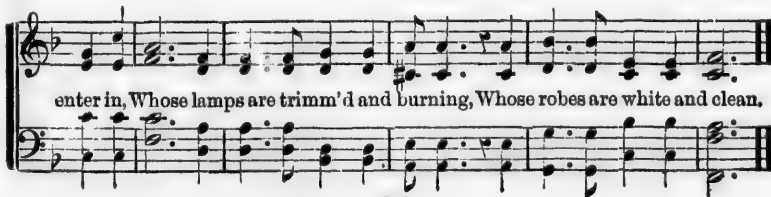


worthy That we can call our own— The light, the oil, the robes we wear,
 tation Be - yond de - serv - ing kind; Make no delay, but take your lamps,
 lovely Than all the sons of men, But still we know the door once shut,

CHORUS.



Are all from Him alone. Behold the Bridegroom cometh ! And all may
 And joy e - ternal find.
 Will nev - er ope a - gain.



enter in, Whose lamps are trimm'd and burning, Whose robes are white and clean.

No. 37.

Look Away to Jesus.

"Looking unto Jesus."—HEB. 12: 2.

REV. HENRY BURTON.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Look a - way to Je - sus, Soul by woe op - press'd;
 2. Look a - way to Je - sus, Sol - dier in the fight;
 3. Look a - way to Je - sus, When the skies are fair;

'Twas for thee He suf - fer'd, Come to Him and rest,
 When the bat - tle thick - ens, Keep thine ar - mor bright;
 Calm seas have their dan - gers; Mar - in - er, be - ware!

All thy griefs He car - ried, All thy sins He bore;
 Though thy foes be ma - ny, Tho' thy strength be small,
 Earth - ly joys are fleet - ing, Go - ing as they came,

Look a - way to Je - sus; Trust Him ev - er - more.
 Look a - way to Je - sus; He shall con - quer all.
 Look a - way to Je - sus, Ev - er - more the same.

4 Look away to Jesus,
 'Mid the toil and heat;
 Soon will come the resting
 At the Master's feet;
 For the guests are bidden,
 And the feast is spread;
 Look away to Jesus,
 In His footsteps tread.

5 When, amid the music
 Of the endless feast,
 Saints will sing His praises,
 Thine shall not be least;
 Then, amid the glories
 Of the crystal sea,
 Look away to Jesus,
 Through eternity.

No. 38.

Precious Promise.

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises."—2 PET. 1: 4.

NATHANIEL NILES.

P. P. BLESS, by per.

1. Pre - cious promise God hath giv - en To the wea - ry pass - er by,
2. When temp - ta - tions al - most win thee, And thy trusted watchers fly,

On the way from earth to heaven, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
Let this promise ring with-in thee, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."

REFRAIN.

I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with Mine-eye;

On the way from earth to heaven, I will guide thee with Mine eye.

- 3 When thy secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."
- 4 When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die,
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

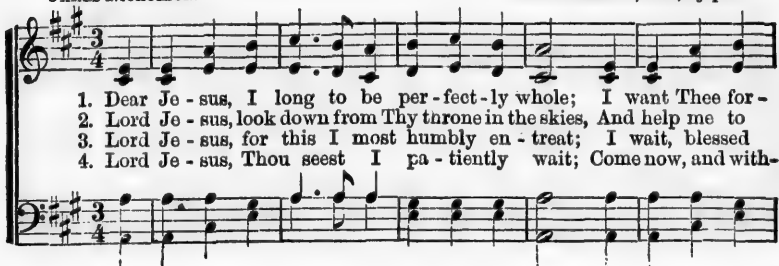
No. 39.

Whiter than Snow.

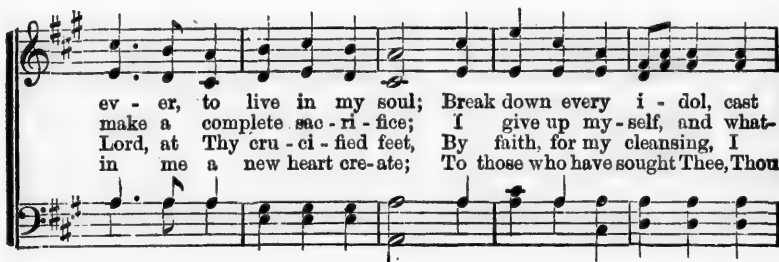
"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Ps. 51: 7.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

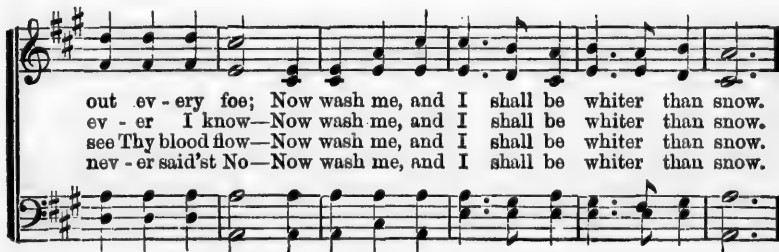
WM. G. FISCHER, 1872, by per.



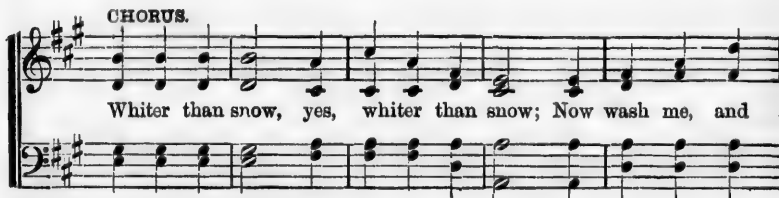
1. Dear Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for -
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most humbly en - treat; I wait, blessed
 4. Lord Je - sus, Thou seest I pa - tiently wait; Come now, and with-



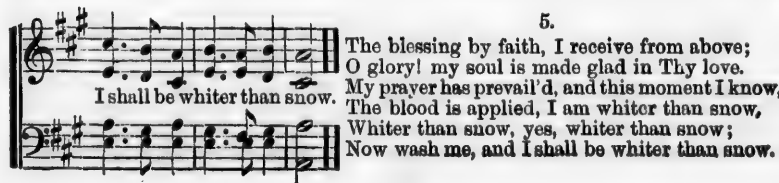
ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down every i - dol, cast
 make a complete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what -
 Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I
 in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou



out ev - ery foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
 ev - er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
 see Thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
 nev - er said'st No—Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.



CHORUS.
 Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and



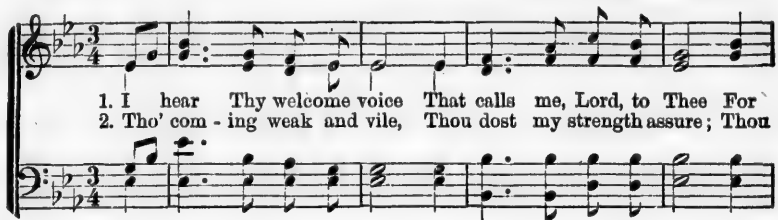
5.
 The blessing by faith, I receive from above;
 O glory! my soul is made glad in Thy love.
 My prayer has prevail'd, and this moment I know,
 I shall be whiter than snow. The blood is applied, I am whiter than snow,
 Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 40. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

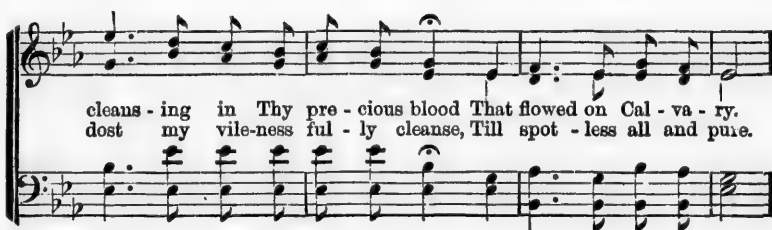
"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

Rev. L. H.

Rev. L. HARTSOUGH, by per.



1. I hear Thy welcome voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee For
2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou

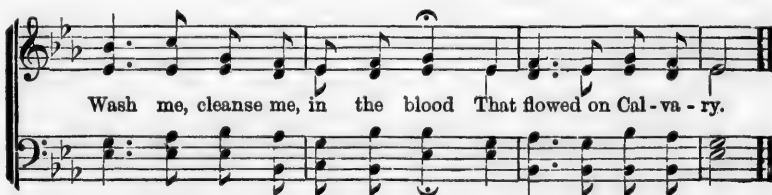


cleans - ing in Thy pre - cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
dost my vile-ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.

CHORUS.



I am com - ing Lord! Com - ing now to Thee!



Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the Gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

No. 41.

My High Tower.

"The Lord is my Rock.....and my high Tower."—Ps. 18: 2.

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss, by per.

Firmly.

1. In Zi - on's Rock a - bid - ing, My soul her tri - umph sings;
 2. Wild waves are round me swelling, Dark clouds a - bove I see;
 3. My Tower of strength can never In time of 'troub - le fail;

In His pa - vil - ion hid - ing, I praise the King of kings.
 Yet, in my Fortress dwell - ing, More safe I can - not be.
 No power of hell, for - ev - er, A - gainst it shall pre - vall.

CHORUS.

My High Tower is He! To Him will I flee;

In Him con - fide, In Him a - bide; My High Tower is He!

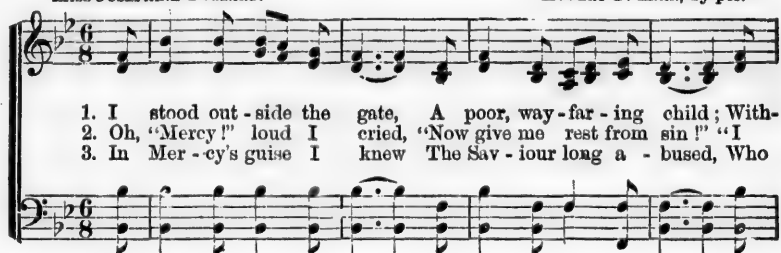
No. 42.

I Stood Outside the Gate.

"Enter ye in at the strait gate."—MATT. 7: 13.

Miss JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

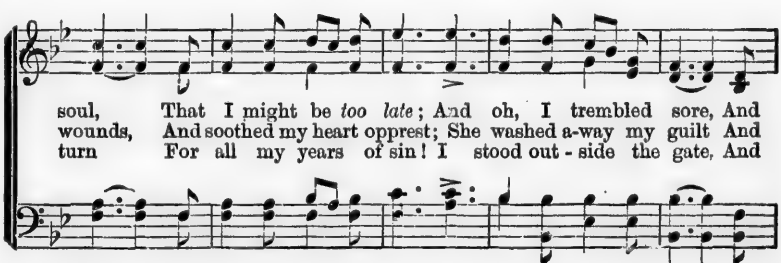
HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.



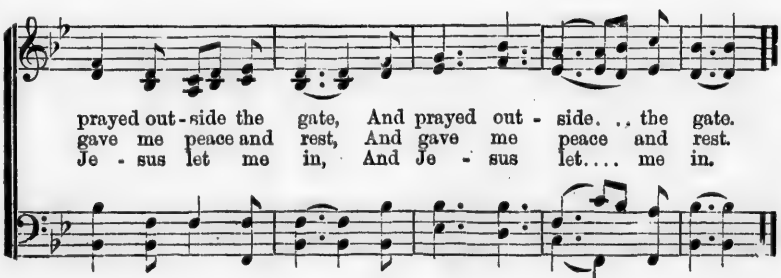
1. I stood out-side the gate, A poor, way-far-ing child; With-
 2. Oh, "Mercy!" loud I cried, "Now give me rest from sin!" "I
 3. In Mer-cy's guise I knew The Sav-iour long a-bused, Who



in my heart there beat A tempest loud and wild; A fear oppressed my
 will," a voice re-plied; And Mer-cy let me in; She bound my bleeding
 of-ten sought my heart, And wept when I re-fused; Oh! what a blest re-



soul, That I might be too late; And oh, I trembled sore, And
 wounds, And soothed my heart oppress; She washed a-way my guilt And
 turn For all my years of sin! I stood out-side the gate, And



prayed out-side the gate, And prayed out-side... the gate.
 gave me peace and rest, And gave me peace and rest.
 Je-sus let me in, And Je-sus let... me in.

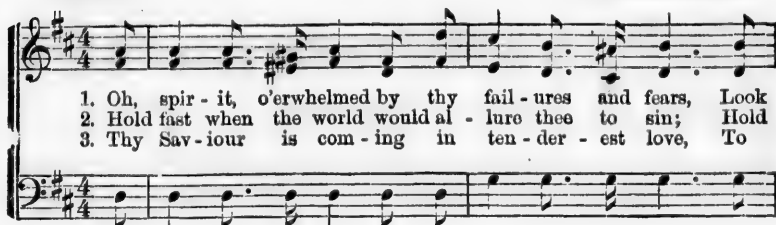
No. 43.

Hold Fast till I Come.

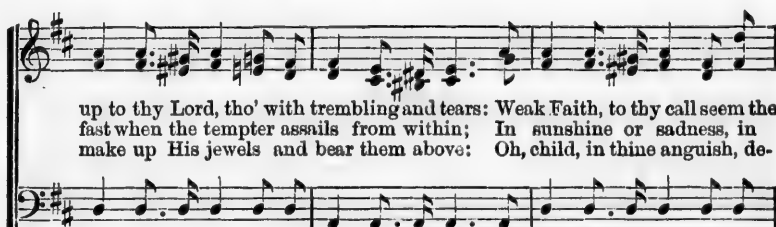
"That which ye have already, hold fast till I come."—REV. 2: 25.

PAULINA.

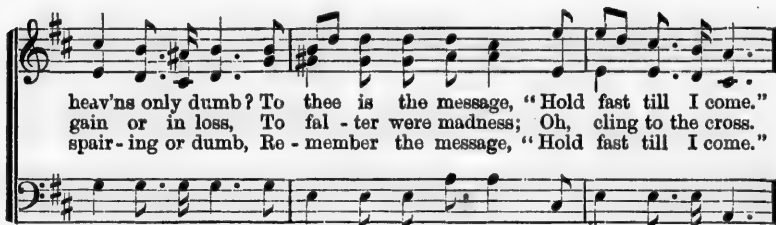
P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. Oh, spir - it, o'erwhelmed by thy fail - ures and fears, Look
 2. Hold fast when the world would al - lure thee to sin; Hold
 3. Thy Sav - iour is com - ing in ten - der - est love, To



up to thy Lord, tho' with trembling and tears: Weak Faith, to thy call seem the
 fast when the tempter assails from within; In sunshine or sadness, in
 make up His jewels and bear them above: Oh, child, in thine anguish, de-



heav'n's only dumb? To thee is the message, "Hold fast till I come."
 gain or in loss, To fal - ter were madness; Oh, cling to the cross.
 spair - ing or dumb, Re - member the message, "Hold fast till I come."

CHORUS.



Hold fast till I come, Hold fast till I come; A



bright crown a - waits thee; Hold fast till I come.

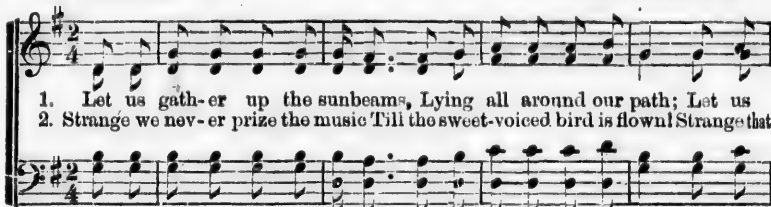
No. 44.

Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

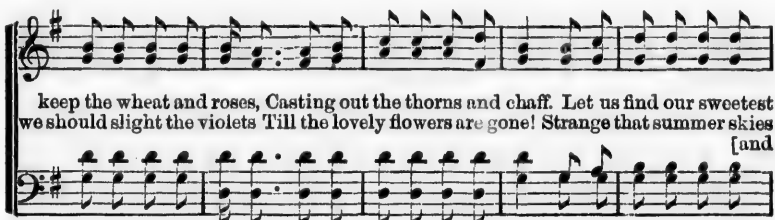
"Be kindly affectioned one to another."—ROM. 12: 10.

Mrs. ALBERT SMITH.

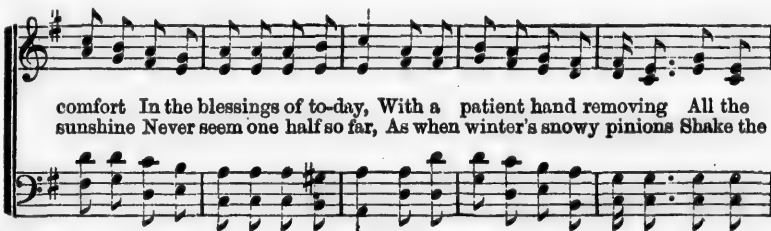
S. J. VAIL, by per.



1. Let us gath-er up the sunbeams, Lying all around our path; Let us
2. Strange we nev-er prize the music Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown! Strange that

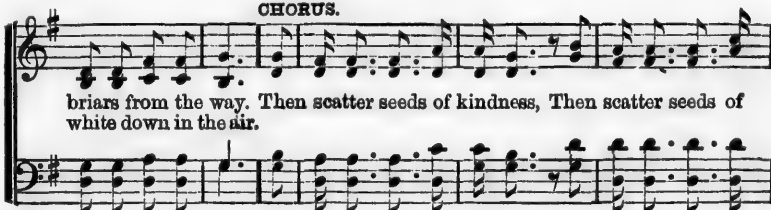


keep the wheat and roses, Casting out the thorns and chaff. Let us find our sweetest
we should slight the violets Till the lovely flowers are gone! Strange that summers skies
[and

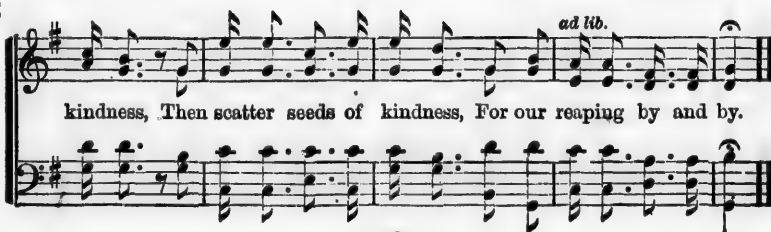


comfort In the blessings of to-day, With a patient hand removing All the
sunshine Never seem one half so far, As when winter's snowy pinions Shake the

CHORUS.



briars from the way. Then scatter seeds of kindness, Then scatter seeds of
white down in the air.



kindness, Then scatter seeds of kindness, For our reaping by and by.

Scatter Seeds of Kindness.—Concluded.

3 If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?—
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by and by.

No. 45. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

"Take unto you the whole armor of God."—Eph. 6: 13.

Rev. S. Baring-Gould.

JOSEPH HAYDN, arr.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Jesus
2. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus
4. On - ward, then, ye people, Join the happy throng, Blend with ours your voices

Go - ing on be - fore. Christ the Royal Master Leads a - gainst the foe,
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bo - dy we;
Con - stant will remain; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the triumph song; Glory, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King,

CHORUS.

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go. Onward, Christian
One in hope and doctrine, One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

soldiers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Going on be - fore.

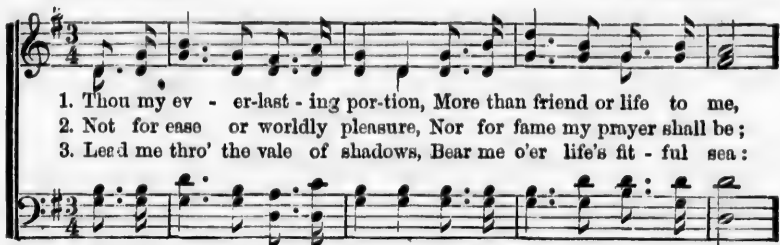
No. 46.

Close to Thee.

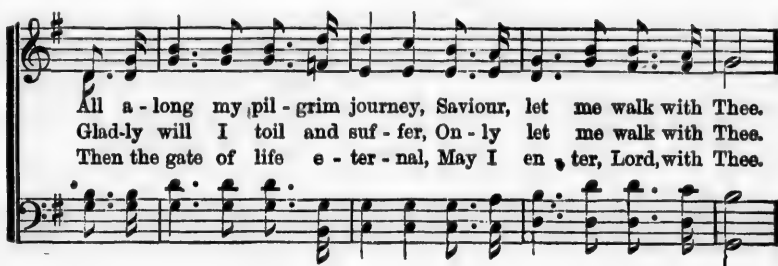
"It is good for me to draw near to God."—Ps. 73: 28.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

S. J. VAIL, by per.

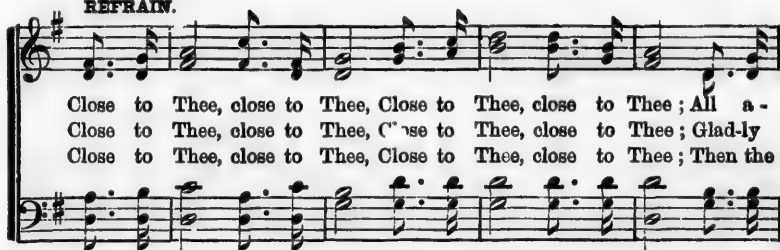


1. Thou my ev - er-last - ing por-tion, More than friend or life to me,
2. Not for ease or worldly pleasure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shadows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea:



All a - long my pil - grim journey, Saviour, let me walk with Thee.
Glad-ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

REFRAIN.



Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; All a -
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; Glad-ly
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; Then the



long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with Thee.
will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

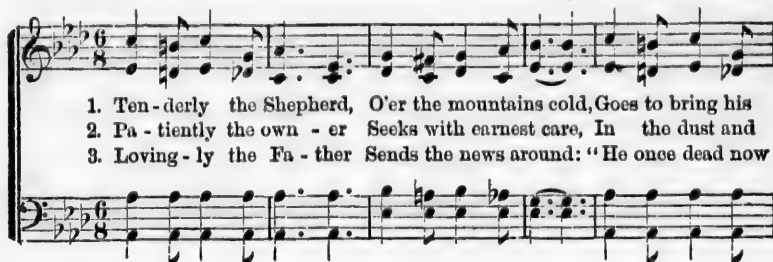
No. 47.

Seeking to Save.

"For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—LUKE 19: 10.

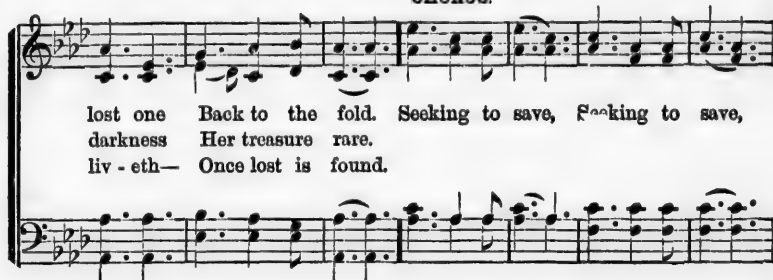
P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

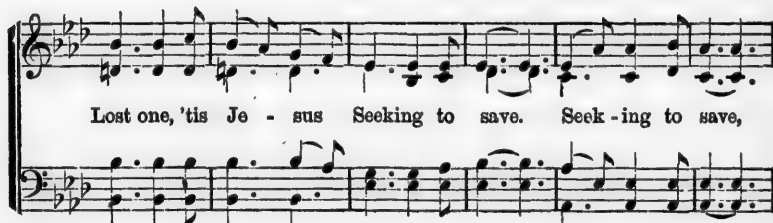


1. Ten - derly the Shepherd, O'er the mountains cold, Goes to bring his
 2. Pa - tiently the own - er Seeks with earnest care, In the dust and
 3. Loving - ly the Fa - ther Sends the news around: "He once dead now

CHORUS.



lost one Back to the fold. Seeking to save, Seeking to save,
 darkness Her treasure rare.
 liv - eth— Once lost is found.



Lost one, 'tis Je - sus Seeking to save. Seek - ing to save,



Seek - ing to save, Lost one, 'tis Je - sus Seeking to save.

No. 48. I am Sweeping through the Gates.*

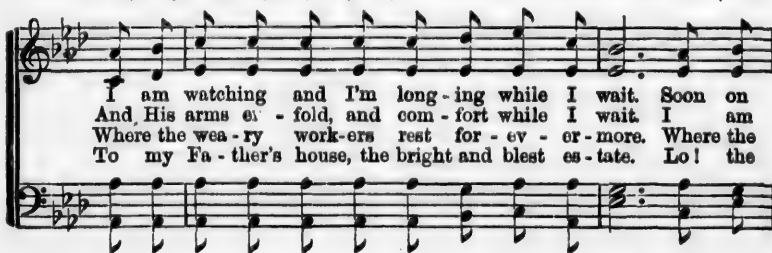
"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day."—REV. 21: 25.

REV. JOHN PARKER.

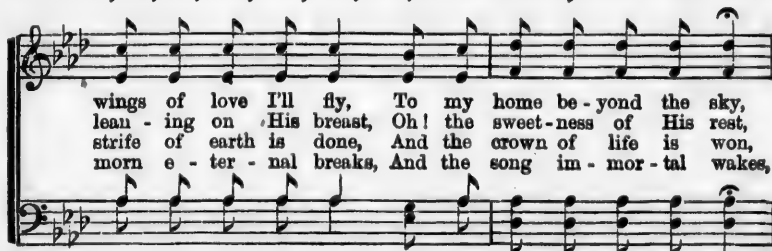
PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.



1. I - am now a child of God, For I'm wash'd in Je - sus' blood;
 2. Oh! the bless - ed Lord of light, He up - holds me by His night;
 3. I am sweep - ing thro' the gate Where the blessed for me wait:
 4. Burst are all my pris - on bars, And I soar be - yond the stars;



I am watch - ing and I'm long - ing while I wait. Soon on
 And His arms e - fold, and com - fort while I wait. I am
 Where the wea - ry work - ers rest for - ev - er - more. Where the
 To my Fa - ther's house, the bright and blest es - tate. Lo! the

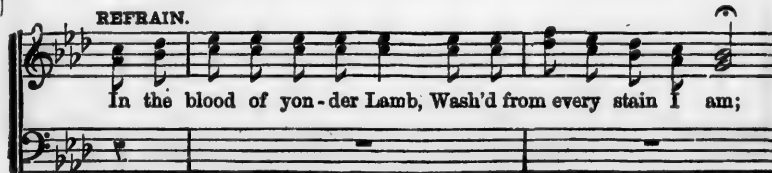


wings of love I'll fly, To my home be - yond the sky,
 lean - ing on His breast, Oh! the sweet - ness of His rest,
 strife of earth is done, And the crown of life is won,
 morn e - ter - nal breaks, And the song im - mor - tal wakes,



To my wel - come, as I'm sweep - ing thro' the gates.
 Hal - le - lu - jah, I am sweep - ing through the gates.
 Oh, the glo - ry of that cit - y just be - fore!
 Rob'd in whiteness I am sweep - ing thro' the gates.

REFRAIN.



In the blood of yon - der Lamb, Wash'd from every stain I am;

I am Sweeping through the Gates.—Concluded.

Repeat pp.

Rob'd in whiteness, clad in brightness, I am sweeping thro' the gates.

* Dying words of Rev. ALFRED COOKMAN.

No. 49.

Jesus is Mine.

"My beloved is mine."—SONG OF SOLOMON 2: 16.

Mrs. CATHERINE J. BONAR, 1843.

T. E. PERKINS, by per.

1. Fade, fade each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - ery
 2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I
 3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this
 4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e -

ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness,
 ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
 dawning light Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried,
 ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Welcome, O loved and blest,

Earth has no resting place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
 Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart away, Je - sus is mine!
 Left b't a dismal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine!

No. 50.

Hallelujah, He is Risen!

"He is not here; for he is risen, as he said."—MATT. 28: 6.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS, by per.



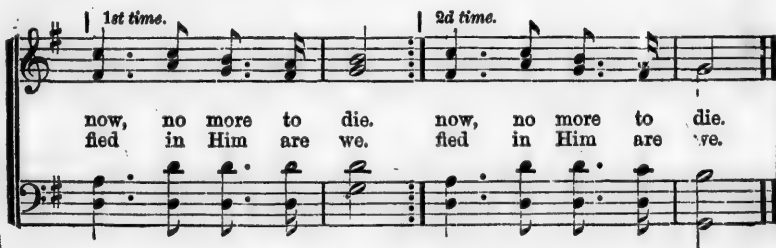
1. Hal - le - lu - jah, He is ris - en! Je - sus is gone up on high!
2. Hal - le - lu - jah, He is ris - en! Our ex - alt - ed Head to be;



Burst the bars of death a - sun - der, An - gels shout and men re - ply:
Sends the wit - ness of the Spir - it That our Ad - vo - cate is He:



He is ris - en, He is ris - en, Liv - ing
He is ris - en, He is ris - en, Jus - ti -



now, no more to die. now, no more to die.
fled in Him are we. fled in Him are we.

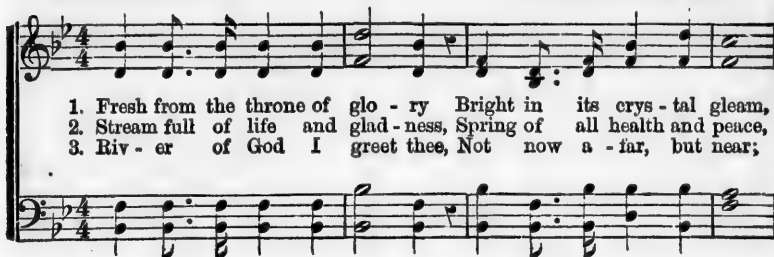
3 Hallelujah, He is risen!
Death for aye hath lost his sting,
Christ, Himself the Resurrection,
From the grave His own will bring:
||: He is risen,
Living Lord and coming King. :||

Blessed River.

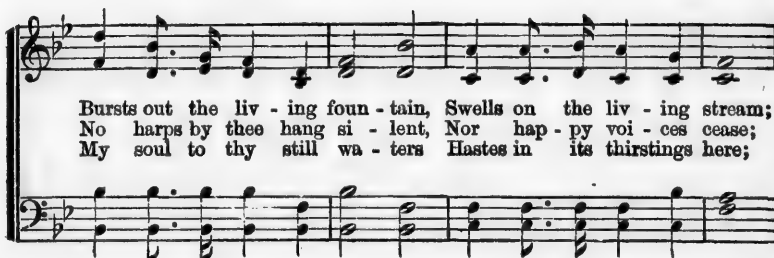
"And he shewed me a pure river of water of life."—REV. 22: 1.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.



1. Fresh from the throne of glo - ry Bright in its crys - tal gleam,
 2. Stream full of life and glad - ness, Spring of all health and peace,
 3. Riv - er of God I greet thee, Not now a - far, but near;



Bursts out the liv - ing foun - tain, Swells on the liv - ing stream;
 No harps by thee hang si - lent, Nor hap - py voi - ces cease;
 My soul to thy still wa - ters Hastes in its thirstings here;



Bless - ed Riv - er, Let me ev - er Feast my eyes on thee,
 Tran - quil Riv - er, Let me ev - er Sit and sing by thee,
 Ho - ly Riv - er, Let me ev - er Drink of on - ly thee,



Bless - ed Riv - er, Let me ev - er Feast my eyes on thee.
 Tran - quil Riv - er, Let me ev - er Sit and sing by thee.
 Ho - ly Riv - er, Let me ev - er Drink of on - ly thee.

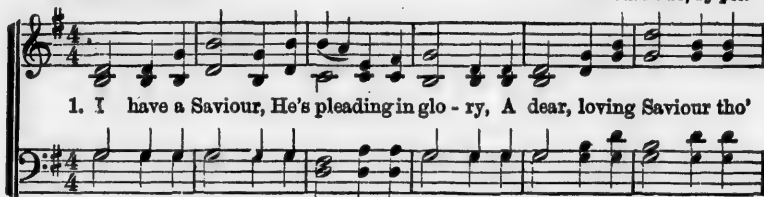
No. 52.

I Am Praying for You.

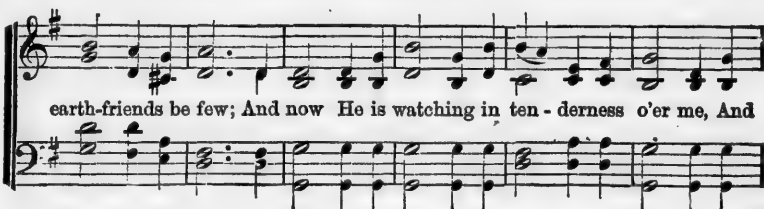
"Praying always for you."—COL. 1: 2.

S. O'MALEY CLUFF.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



1. I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glo - ry, A dear, loving Saviour tho'

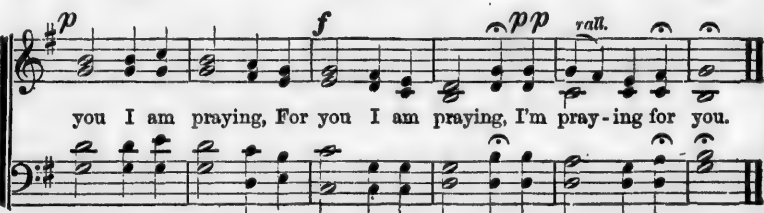


earth-friends be few; And now He is watching in ten - derness o'er me, And

CHORUS.



oh, that my Saviour were your Saviour too! For you I am praying, For



you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm pray - ing for you.

2.
I have a Father: to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon will He call me to meet Him in
heaven,
But oh, that He'd let me bring you with
me too!

3.
I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
Oh, when I receive it all shining in bright-
ness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving
one too!

4.
I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world
never knew;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And oh, could I know it was given to you!

5.
When Jesus has found you, tell others the
story, [too;
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour
Then pray that your Saviour may bring
them to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas an-
swered for you!

No. 53.

A Crown of Rejoicing.

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." —2 TIM. 4: 8.

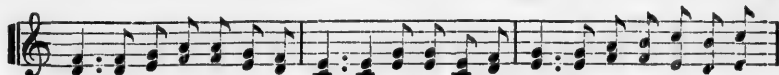
Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

DUET.



1. O crown of re - joic - ing that's waiting for me, When finished my
2. O won - der - ful song that in glo - ry I'll sing, To Him who re -
3. O joy ev - er - last - ing when hea - ven is won, For - ev - er in
4. O won - der - ful name which the glo - ri - fied bear, The new name which

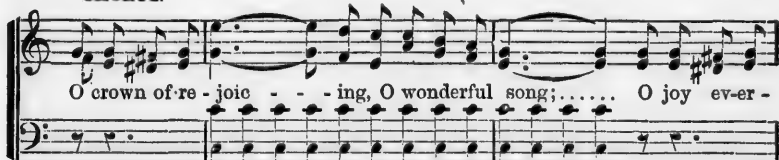


course, and when Jesus I see, And when from my Lord comes the sweet sounding
deemed me to Jesus my King; All glo - ry and hon - or to Him shall be
glo - ry to shine as the sun; No sorrow nor sigh - ing - these all flee a -
Je - - sus bestows on us there; To him that o'er - com - eth 'twill only be



word: "Receive faithful ser - - vant, the joy of thy Lord."
given, And praises un - ceas - ing for - ev - er in heaven.
way, No night there, no shad - ows - 'tis one end - less day.
given, Blest sign of ap - prov - al, our wel - come to heaven.

CHORUS.



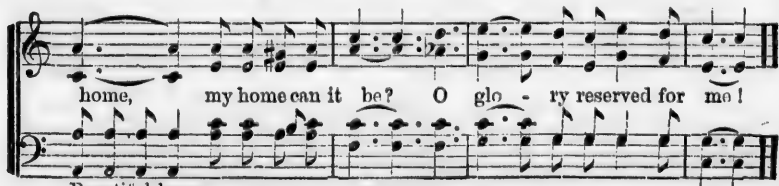
O crown of re - joic - - - ing, O wonderful song;..... O joy ev - er -

Crown of rejoicing, O wonderful, wonderful song;



last - - ing, O glo - ri - fied throng;..... O beauti - ful

Joy ev - er - last - ing, O glo - ri - fied, glo - ri - fied throng;



home, my home can it be? O glo - ry reserved for me!

Beautiful home,

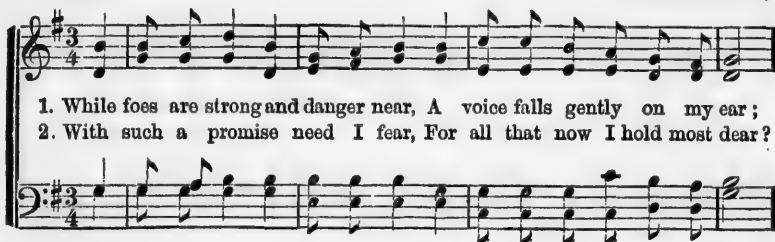
No. 54.

His Word a Tower.

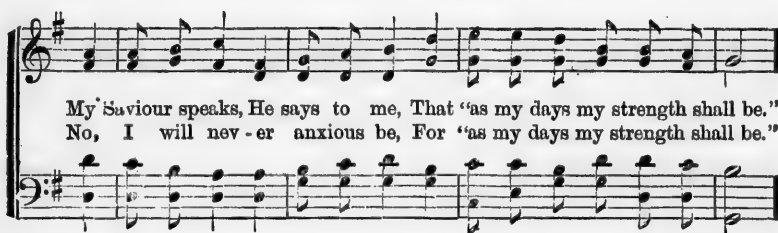
"As thy days, so shall thy strength be!"—DEUT. 33: 25.

ANON.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

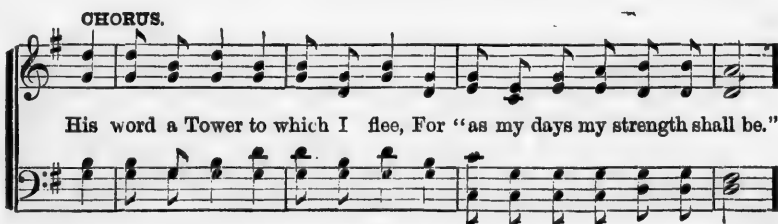


1. While foes are strong and danger near, A voice falls gently on my ear;
2. With such a promise need I fear, For all that now I hold most dear?

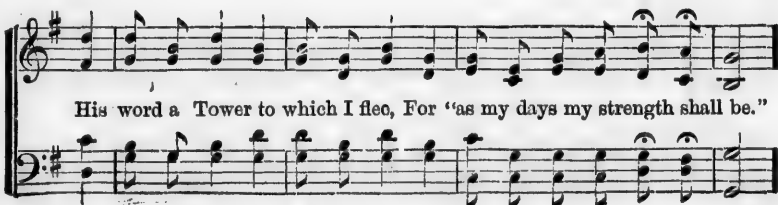


My Saviour speaks, He says to me, That "as my days my strength shall be."
No, I will nev-er anxious be, For "as my days my strength shall be."

CHORUS.



His word a Tower to which I flee, For "as my days my strength shall be."



His word a Tower to which I flee, For "as my days my strength shall be."

3 And when at last I'm called to die,
Still on Thy promise I'll rely;
Yes, Lord, I then will trust in Thee,
That "as my days my strength shall be."

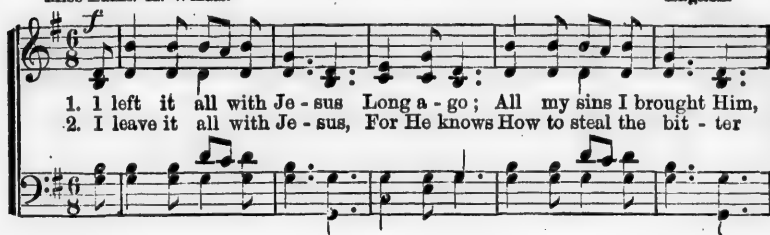
CHO.—His word a Tower, &c.

No. 55. I Left it All with Jesus.

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."—1 PETER 5: 7.

Miss ELLEN H. WILLIS.

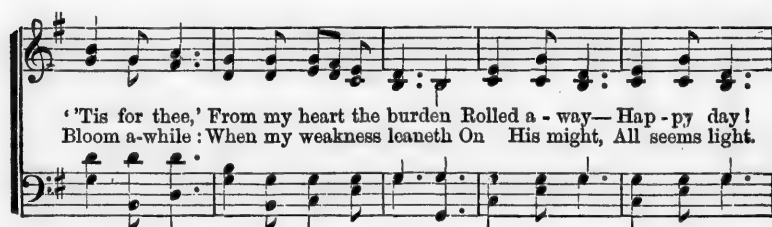
English.



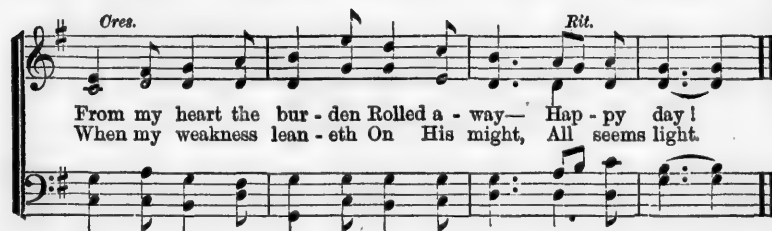
1. I left it all with Je - sus Long a - go; All my sins I brought Him,
2. I leave it all with Je - sus, For He knows How to steal the bit - ter



And my woe, When by faith I saw Him On the tree, Heard His small, still whisper,
From life's woes; How to gild the tear-drop With His smile, Make the desert garden



'Tis for thee, From my heart the burden Rolled a - way— Hap - py day!
Bloom a-while: When my weakness leaneth On His might, All seems light.



From my heart the bur - den Rolled a - way— Hap - py day!
When my weakness lean - eth On His might, All seems light.

3 I leave it all with Jesus
Day by day;
Faith can firmly trust Him
Come what may.
Hope has dropped her anchor,
Found her rest
In the calm, sure haven
Of His breast:
Love esteems it heaven
To abide At His side.

4 Oh, leave it all with Jesus,
Drooping soul!
Tell not half thy story,
But the whole.
Worlds on worlds are hanging
On His hand,
Life and death are waiting
His command;
Yet His tender bosom
Makes thee room—Oh, come home!

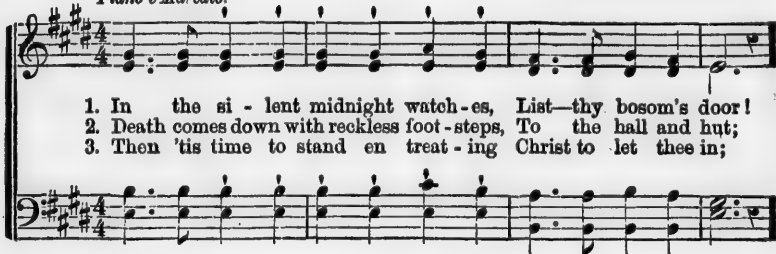
No. 56. In the Silent Midnight Watches.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock."—REV. 3: 20.

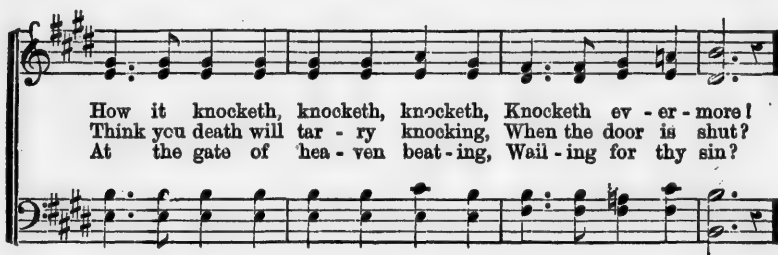
Rev. A. C. COXE, D. D.

Geo. F. Root, by per.

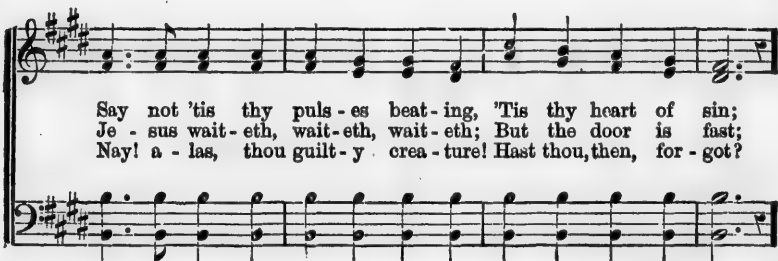
Piano e Marcato.



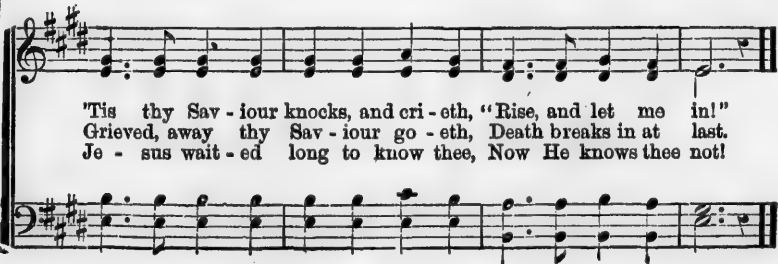
1. In the si - lent midnight watch-es, List—thy bosom's door!
2. Death comes down with reckless foot-steps, To the hall and hut;
3. Then 'tis time to stand en treat-ing Christ to let thee in;



How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh, Knocketh ev - er - more!
Think you death will tar - ry knocking, When the door is shut?
At the gate of hea - ven beat-ing, Wail-ing for thy sin?



Say not 'tis thy puls-es beat-ing, 'Tis thy heart of sin;
Je - sus wait-eth, wait-eth, wait-eth; But the door is fast;
Nay! a - las, thou guilt-y crea-ture! Hast thou, then, for - got?



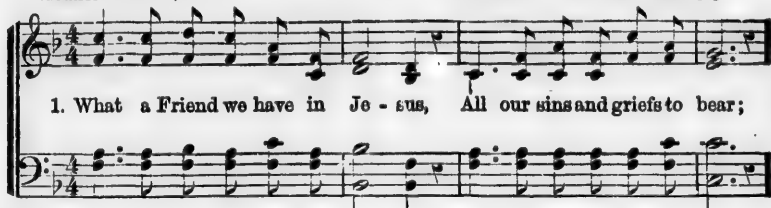
'Tis thy Sav - iour knocks, and cri-eth, "Rise, and let me in!"
Grieved, away thy Sav - iour go-eth, Death breaks in at last.
Je - sus wait-ed long to know thee, Now He knows thee not!

No. 57. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

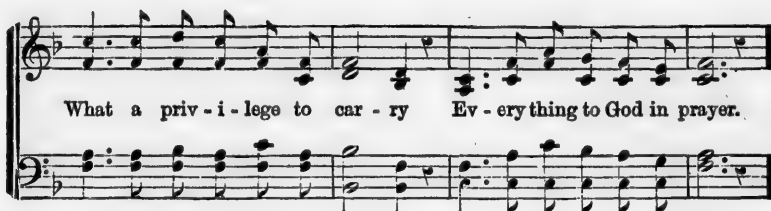
"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18: 24.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

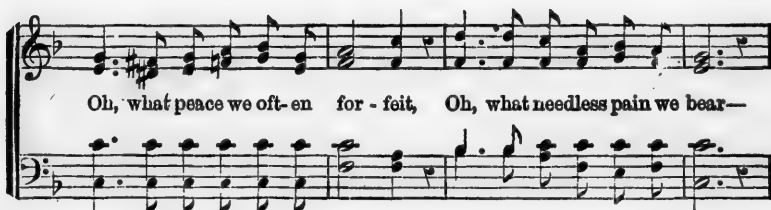
CHARLES C. CONVERSE, 1868, by p-



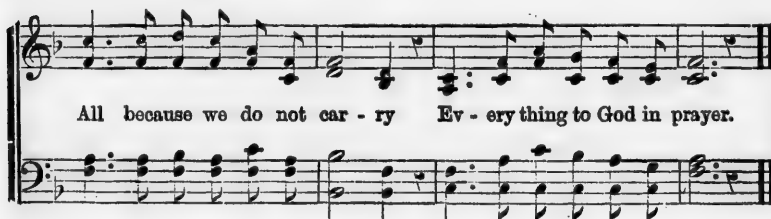
1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;



What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - ery thing to God in prayer.



Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear—



All because we do not car - ry Ev - ery thing to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

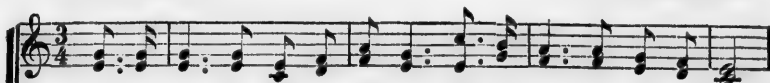
3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 58. We shall Sleep, but not Forever.


"Sown in corruption....raised in incorruption."—1 Cor. 15: 42.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.


S. J. VAIL, by per.




1. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a glorious dawn!
2. When we see a precious blossom That we tend-ed with such care,



We shall meet to part, no, nev - er, On the re - sur - rection morn!
Rudely tak - en from our bo - som, How our ach - ing hearts de - spair!



From the deep - est caves of o - cean, From the de - sert and the plain,
Round its lit - tle grave we lin - ger, Till the set - ting sun is low,



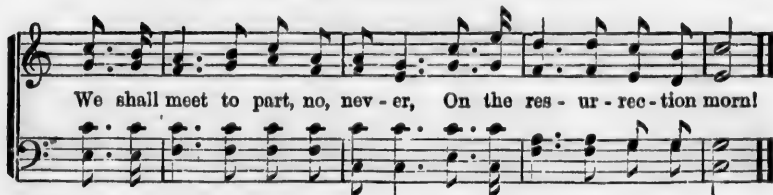
From the val - ley and the mountain, Countless throngs shall rise a - gain.
Feel - ing al' our hopes have perished With the flow'r we cherished so.

CHORUS.



We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a glorious dawn;

We shall Sleep.—Concluded.



We shall meet to part, no, nev - er, On the res - ur - rec - tion morn!

3 We shall sleep, but not for ever,
In the lone and silent grave;
Blessed be the Lord that taketh,
Blessed be the Lord that gave.

In the bright, eternal city
Death can never, never come!
In His own good time He'll call us
From our rest to Home, sweet Home.

Cho.

No. 59. What hast Thou done for Me?

"So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many."—HEB. 9 : 28.

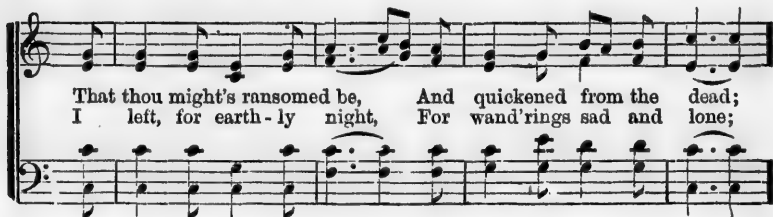
Miss FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

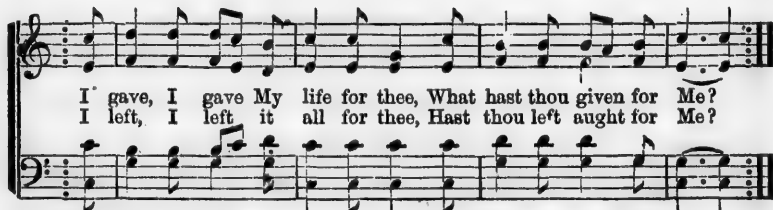
Moderato.



1. I gave My life for thee, My precious blood I shed,
2. My Fa - ther's house of light,— My glo - ry - cir - cled throne



That thou might'st ransom me, And quickened from the dead;
I left, for earth - ly night, For wand'ring sad and lone;



I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?

2 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for Me?

3 And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to Me?

No. 60. Give me the Wings of Faith.

"Here we have no continuing city."—HEB. 13: 14.

Rev. I. WATTS, 1709.

Arr. by WALTER KITTREDGE.

SOLO.

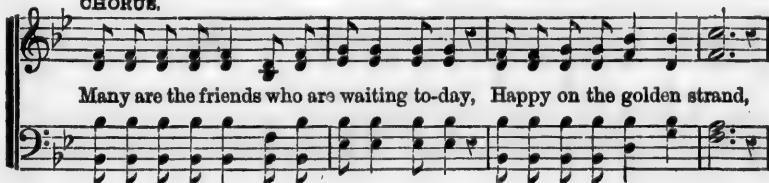


1. Give me the wings of faith to rise, Within the vail, and see The
2. Once they were mourners here be - low, And pour'd out cries and tears; They



saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be.
wres - tled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.

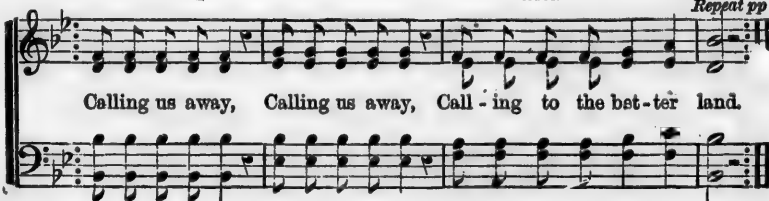
CHORUS.



Many are the friends who are waiting to-day, Happy on the golden strand,



Many are the voices calling us away, To join their glorious band.



Calling us away, Calling us away, Call - ing to the bet - ter land.

Repeat *pp*

3.

I ask them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.
Many are the friends, &c.

No. 61.

The Land of Beulah.

"Thou shalt be called Beulah, for the Lord delighteth in thee."—ISA. 62: 4.

As sung by the late BISHOP MORRIS.

Rev. J. HASKELL.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. { My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run; }
 { My strongest tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun. }
 2. { I know I'm nearing the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kindred dear, }
 { For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks, The crossing must be near. }

CHORUS. *f*

O come, an - gel band, come and a - round me stand, O,

bear me a - way on your snowy wings To my im - mor - tal home. O,

bear me a - way on your snow - y wings To my im - mor - tal home.

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home, | 4 O, bear my longing heart to Him
 My spirit loudly sings; Who bled and died for me;
 The holy ones, behold, they come! Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
 I hear the noise of wings. And gives me victory.

No. 62.

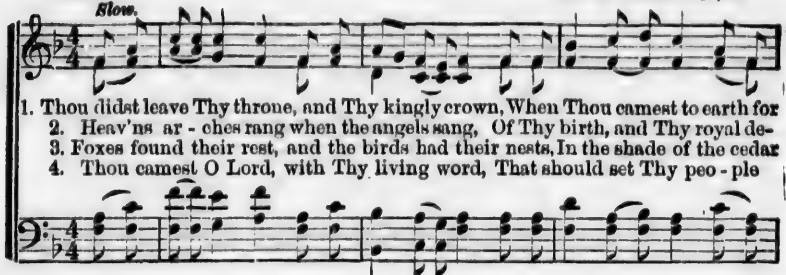
Room for Thee.

"There was no room for them in the inn."—LUKE 9:7.

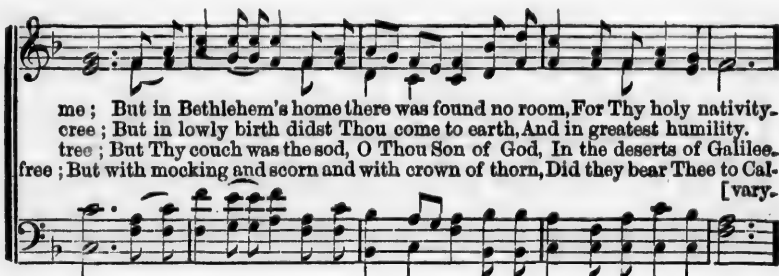
ANON.

IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.

Slow.



1. Thou didst leave Thy throne, and Thy kingly crown, When Thou camest to earth for
 2. Heav'n's ar - ches rang when the angels sang, Of Thy birth, and Thy royal de-
 3. Foxes found their rest, and the birds had their nests, In the shade of the cedar
 4. Thou camest O Lord, with Thy living word, That should set Thy peo - ple

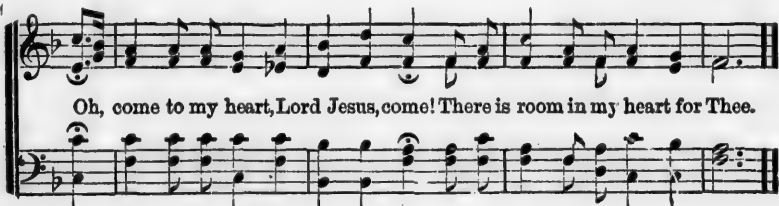


me ; But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room, For Thy holy nativity.
 tree ; But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth, And in greatest humility.
 free ; But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God, In the deserts of Galilee.
 free ; But with mocking and scorn and with crown of thorn, Did they bear Thee to Cal- [vary.

REFRAIN.



Oh, come to my heart, Lord Je - sus ! There is room in my heart for Thee.



Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus, come ! There is room in my heart for Thee.

- 5 Heaven's arches shall ring, and its choirs shall sing,
 At Thy coming to victory,
 Thou wilt call me home, saying "yet there is room,"
 There is room at My side for thee, Cho.

No. 63.

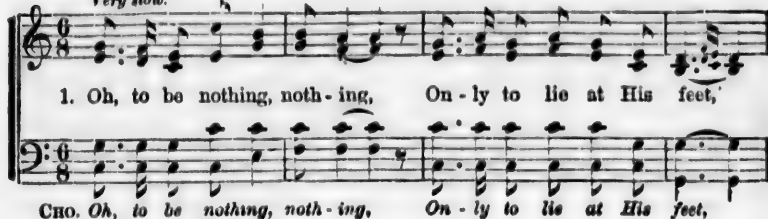
Oh, to be Nothing.

"Neither is he that planteth, anything, neither he that watereth."—1 COR. 3: 7.

GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR, 1869.

R. GEO. HALL. Arr. by P. P. BLISS.

Very alone.



1. Oh, to be nothing, noth - ing, On - ly to lie at His feet,

CHO. Oh, to be nothing, noth - ing, On - ly to lie at His feet,

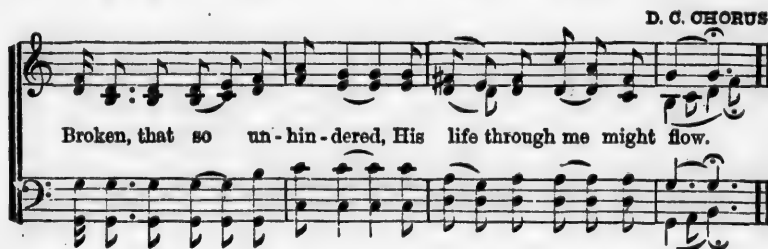


A broken and emptied ves - sel, For the Mas - ter's use made meet.

A broken and emptied ves - sel, For the Mas - ter's use made meet.



Emptied that He might fill me As forth to His service I go;



Broken, that so un - hin - dered, His life through me might flow.

2 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Only as led by His hand;
A messenger at His gateway,
Only waiting for His command,
Only an instrument ready
His praises to sound at His will,
Willing, should He not require me,
In silence to wait on Him still. *Cho.*

3 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Painful the humbling may be,
Yet low in the dust I'd lay me
That the world might my Saviour see.
Rather be nothing, nothing,
To Him let their voices be raised,
He is the Fountain of blessing,
He only is meet to be praised. *Cho.*

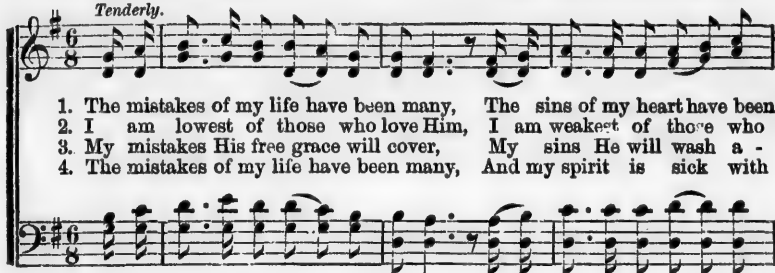
No. 64. The Mistakes of my Life.

"Behold, I have set before thee an open door."—REV. 3: 8.

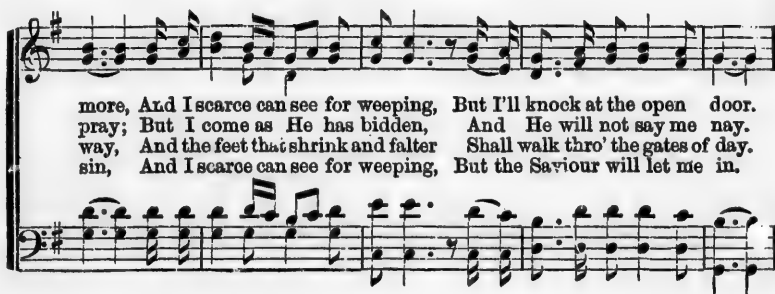
Mrs URANIA LOCKE BAILEY.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.

Tenderly.

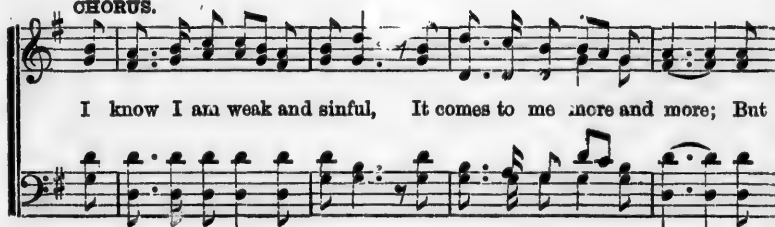


1. The mistakes of my life have been many, The sins of my heart have been
2. I am lowest of those who love Him, I am weakest of those who
3. My mistakes His free grace will cover, My sins He will wash a -
4. The mistakes of my life have been many, And my spirit is sick with



more, And I scarce can see for weeping, But I'll knock at the open door.
pray; But I come as He has bidden, And He will not say me nay.
way, And the feet that shrink and falter Shall walk thro' the gates of day.
sin, And I scarce can see for weeping, But the Saviour will let me in.

CHORUS.



I know I am weak and sinful, It comes to me more and more; But



when the dear Saviour shall bid me come in, I'll en - ter the o - pen door.

Hallelujah, 'tis Done!

P. P. Bliss.

P. P. Bliss, by per.

1. 'Tis the prom-ise of God, full sal - va - tion to give too,
2. Tho' the path - way be lone - ly, and dan - ger - ous too,

Un - to him who on Je - sus, his Son, will be - lieve.
 Sure - ly Je - sus is a - ble to car - ry me through.

Hal - le - lu - jah, 'tis done! I be - lieve on the Son; I am

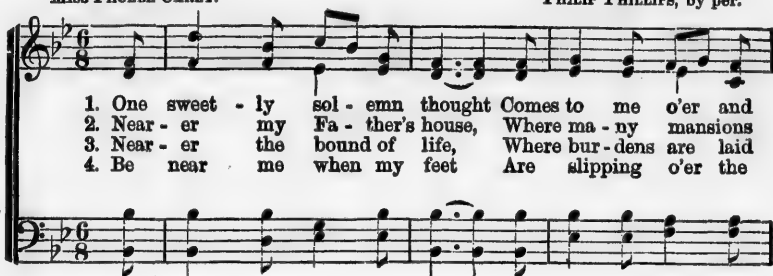
- 3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng,
They are safe now in glory, and this is their song :
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.
- 4 Little children I see standing close by their King,
And He smiles as their song of salvation they sing
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.
- 5 There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold,
And they sing as they march through the streets of pure gold :
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.
- 6 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me,
And the theme of our praises forever will be :
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

No. 66. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

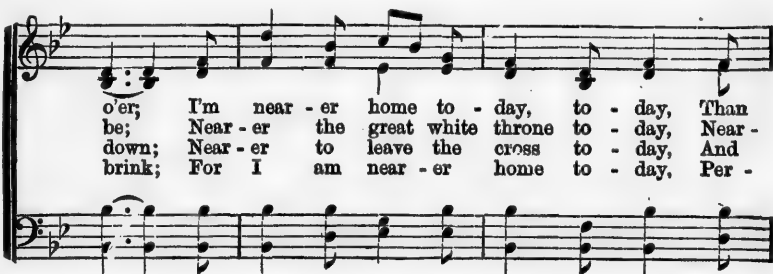
"Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."—HEB. 11: 16.

Miss PHOEBE CAREY.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

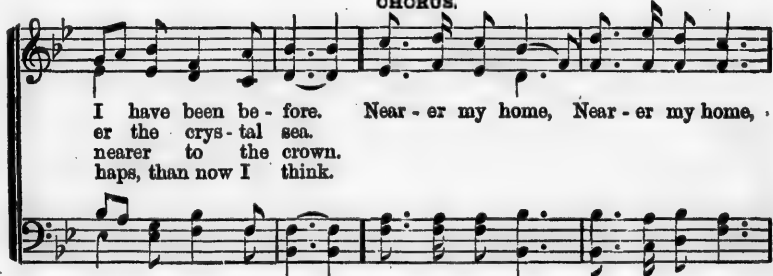


1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and
 2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny mansions
 3. Near - er the bound of life, Where bur - dens are laid
 4. Be near me when my feet Are slipping o'er the



o'er; I'm near - er home to - day, to - day, Than
 be; Near - er the great white throne to - day, Near -
 down; Near - er to leave the cross to - day, And
 brink; For I am near - er home to - day, Per -

CHORUS.



I have been be - fore. Near - er my home, Near - er my home,
 er the crys - tal sea.
 nearer to the crown.
 haps, than now I think.



Near - er my home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore.

No. 67.

The Ninety and Nine.

"Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep that was lost."—LUKE 15: 6.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE, 1868.

IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.

TO BE SUNG ONLY AS A SOLO.

1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine; Are they not e - nough for

fold, But one was out on the hills away, Far off from the gates of
Thee?" But the Shepherd made answer: "'Tis of mine Has wandered away from

gold— A - way on the mountains wild and bare, Away from the tender
me And although the road be rough and steep I go to the desert to

Shepherd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shepherd's care.
find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3.
But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord
passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4.
"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all
the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone
astray

Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and
torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a
thorn."

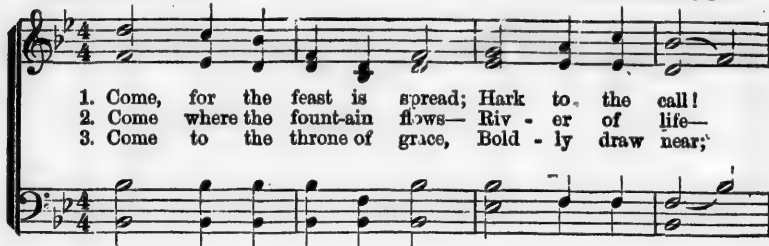
5.
But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His
own!"

No. 68. Come; for the Feast is Spread.

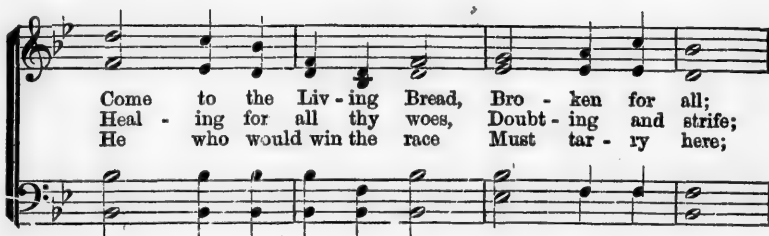
"Come; for all things are now ready."—LUKE 14: 17.

Rev. HENRY BURTON.

P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. Come, for the feast is spread; Hark to the call!
 2. Come where the fount-ain flows— Riv - er of life—
 3. Come to the throne of grace, Bold - ly draw near;



Come to the Liv - ing Bread, Bro - ken for all;
 Heal - ing for all thy woes, Doubt - ing and strife;
 He who would win the race Must tar - ry here;



Come to His house of wine, Low on His breast re - cline,
 Mill - ions have been sup - plied, No one was e'er de - nied;
 What - e'er thy want may be, Here is the grace for thee,



All that He hath is thine; Come, sin - ner, come.
 Come to the crim - son tide, Come, sin - ner, come.
 Je - sus thy on - ly plea; Come, Christian come.

4 Come to the Better Land,
 Pilgrim, make haste!
 Earth is a foreign strand—
 Wilderness waste!
 Here are the harps of gold,
 Here are the joys untold—
 Crowns for the young and old;
 Come, pilgrim, come.

5 Jesus, we come to Thee,
 Oh, take us in!
 Set Thou our spirits free;
 Cleanse us from sin!
 Then, in yon land of light,
 Clothed in our robes of white,
 Resting not day nor night,
 Thee will we sing.

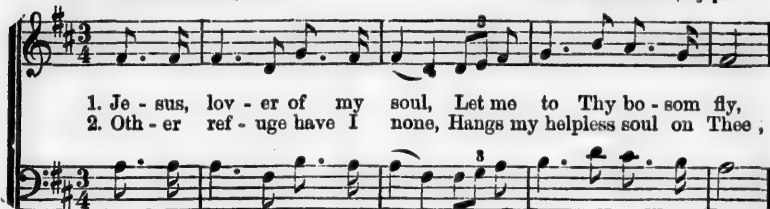
No. 69.

Refuge. 7s.

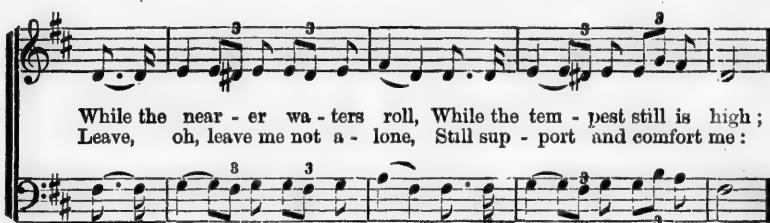
"The Lord also will be a refuge....in times of trouble."—Ps. 9: 9.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

JOS. P. HOLBROOK, by per.



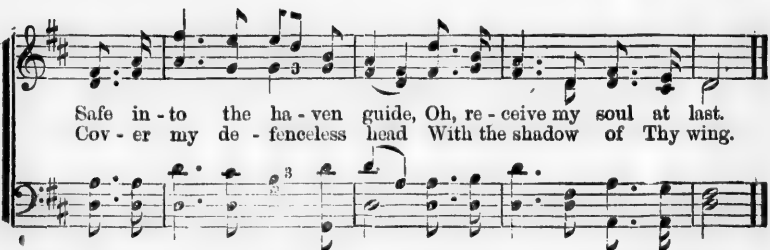
1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,



While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and comfort me:



Hide me, oh, my Sav - iour hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;



Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fenceless head With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make me, keep me, pure within,
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 70. Oh, what are You Going to Do?

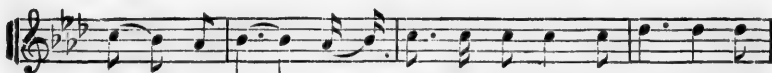
"How long halt ye between two opinions."—1 KINGS, 18: 31.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1867.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.



1. Oh, what are you go - ing to do, brother? Say, what are you
2. Oh, what are you go - ing to do, brother? The morning of
3. Oh, what are you go - ing to do, brother? Your sun at its
4. Oh, what are you go - ing to do, brother? The twi - light ap -



go - ing to do? You have thought of some useful la - bor, But
youth is past; The vig - or and strength of manhood, My
noon is high; It shines in me - rid - ian splendor, And
proach - es now;— Al - read - y your locks are silvered, And



what is the end in view? You are fresh from the home of your
brother, are yours at last: You are ris - ing in world - ly
rides through a cloudless sky: You are hold - ing a high po -
win - ter is on your brow: Your tal - ents, your time, your

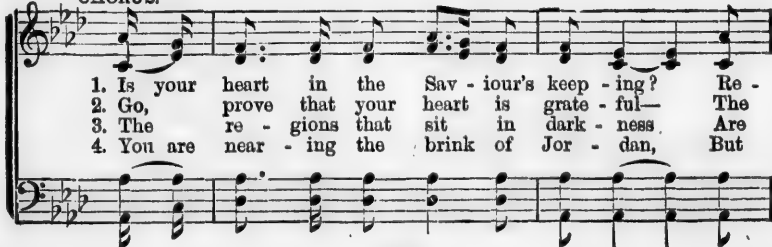


boy - hood, And just in the bloom of youth! Have you
pro - spects, And prospered in world - ly things;— A....
si - tion, Of hon - or, and trust, and fame;— Are you
rich - es, To Je - sus, your Mas - ter, give; Then....



tast - ed the sparkling wa - ter That flows from the fount of truth?
du - ty to those less fa - vored, The smile of your fortune brings.
will - ing to give the glo - ry And praise to your Saviour's Name?
ask if the world a-round you Is bet - ter because you live.

CHORUS.



1. Is your heart in the Sav - iour's keep - ing? Re -
2. Go, prove that your heart is grate - ful— The
3. The re - gions that sit in dark - ness, Are
4. You are near - ing the brink of Jor - dan, But

Oh, what are You Going to Do?—Concluded.

member, He died for you! Then what are you go - ing to
 Lord has a work for you! Then what are you go - ing to
 stretching their hands to you! Then what are you go - ing to
 still there is work for you! Then what are you go - ing to

do, brother? Say, what are you go - ing to do?
 do, brother? Say, what are you go - ing to do?
 do, brother? Say, what are you go - ing to do?
 do, brother? Say, what are you go - ing to do?

No. 71.

Art Thou Weary?

"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

Rev. J. M. NEALE, trans

Wm. H. MONK, 1861.

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou languid? Art thou sore dis - tress'd?
 2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him If He be my guide?

"Come to Me," saith One, and coming, Be at rest." A - MEN.
 "In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."

- 3 Is there diadem as monarch,
 That His brow adorns?
 "Yes, a crown in very surety,
 But of thorns!"
- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
 What my future here?
 "Many a sorrow, many a labor,
 Many a tear."

- 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
 What hath He at last?
 "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
 Jordan past."
- 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay?
 "Not till earth and not till heaven
 Pass away."

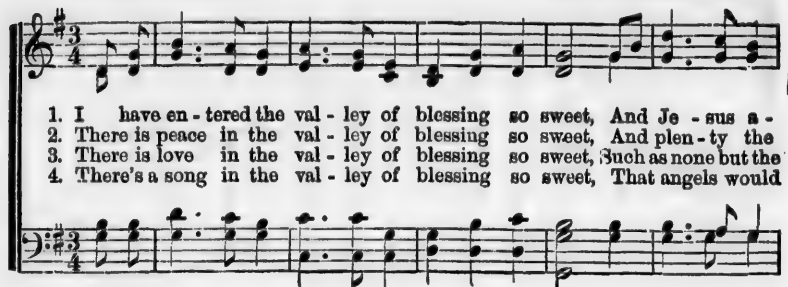
No. 72.

The Valley of Blessing.

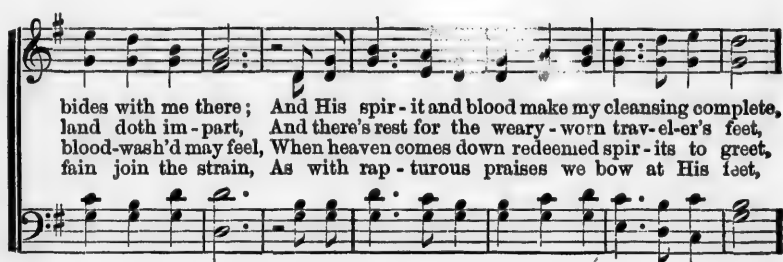
"The valley of Berachah."—2 CHR. 20: 16.

Mrs. ANNIE WITTENMYER.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

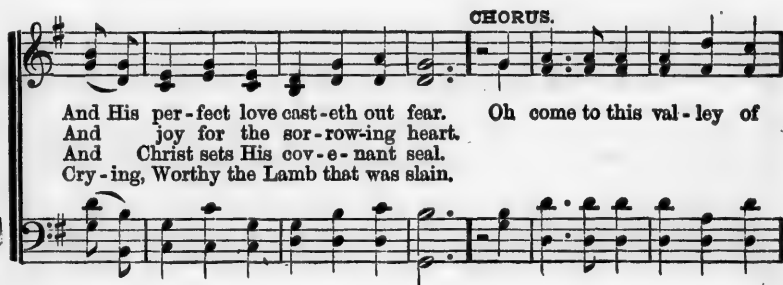


1. I have en-tered the val-ley of blessing so sweet, And Je-sus a-
 2. There is peace in the val-ley of blessing so sweet, And plen-ty the
 3. There is love in the val-ley of blessing so sweet, Such as none but the
 4. There's a song in the val-ley of blessing so sweet, That angels would



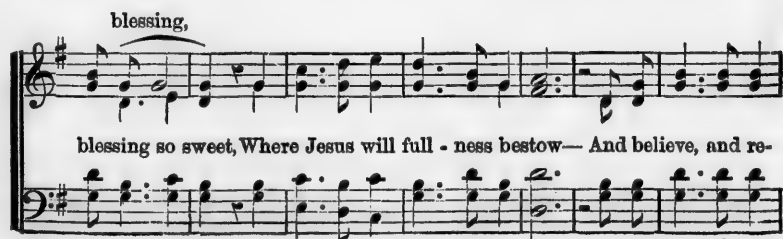
bides with me there; And His spir-it and blood make my cleansing complete,
 land doth im-part, And there's rest for the weary-worn trav-el-er's feet,
 blood-wash'd may feel, When heaven comes down redeemed spir-its to greet,
 fain join the strain, As with rap-turous praises we bow at His feet,

CHORUS.



And His per-fect love cast-eth out fear. Oh come to this val-ley of
 And joy for the sor-row-ing heart.
 And Christ sets His cov-e-nant seal.
 Cry-ing, Worthy the Lamb that was slain.

blessing,



blessing so sweet, Where Jesus will full-ness bestow— And believe, and re-

The Valley of Blessing.—Concluded.

ceive, and con-fess Him, That all His sal-va-tion may know.

—o—

No. 73.

The Great Physician.

"Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there?"—JER. 8: 22.

Rev. WILLIAM HUNTER, 1842.

Arr. by Rev. JOHN H. STOCKTON, by per.

1. { The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je-sus; {
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je-sus; }
2. { Your ma-ny sins are all forgiven, Oh, hear the voice of Je-sus; {
Go on your way in peace to heaven, And wear a crown with Je-sus; }
3. { All glo-ry to the dying Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je-sus; {
I love the blessed Saviour's name, I love the name of Je-sus; }

CHORUS.

Sweet-est note in ser-aph song, Sweetest name on mor-tal tongue,

Rit.

Sweet-est car-ol ev-er sung, Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus. *Cho.*

5 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus. *Cho.*

No. 74.

Arise and Shine.

"Arise and shine for thy light is come."—Isa. 60 : 1.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

P. P. BLISS, by per

1. Lift up, lift up thy voice with singing, Dear land, with strength lift
 2. And shall His flock with strife be riv - en? Shall en-vi-ous lines His
 3. Lift up the gates! bring forth ob-la-tions! One crowned with crowns, a
 4. He comes! let all the earth a - dore Him; The path His hu-man

up thy voice! The kingdoms of the earth are bringing Their
 church di-vide, When He, the Lord of earth and hea-ven, Stands
 message brings, His word, a sword to smite the nations; His
 na - ture trod Spreads to a roy - al realm be - fore Him, The

CHORUS.
 treas - ures to thy gates—re - joice! A - rise and shine in
 at the door to claim His bride?
 name—the Christ, the King of kings.
 LIGHT of life, the word of God!

youth im - mor - tal, Thy light is come, thy King ap - pears. Be -

yond the Century's swinging portal, Breaks a new dawn—the thousand years!

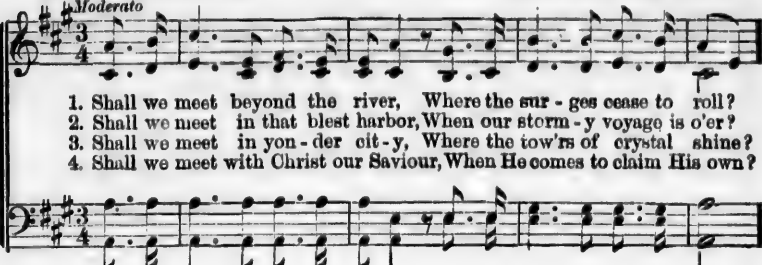
No. 75. Shall we Meet beyond the River?

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—ISA. 30: 10.

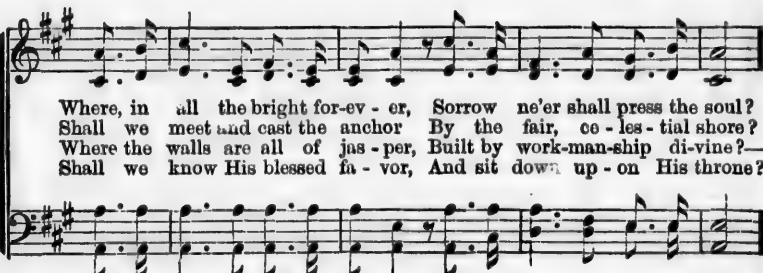
HORACE L. HASTINGS, 1858

ELISHA S. RICE, 1866, by per.

Moderato



1. Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our storm - y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crystal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own?

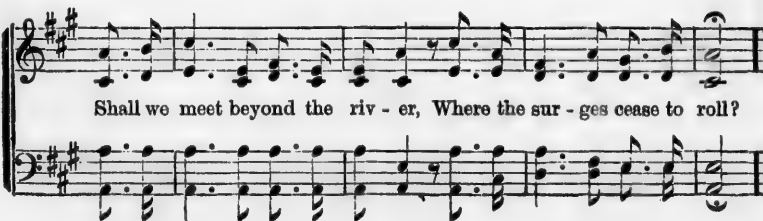


Where, in all the bright for-ev - er, Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
 Shall we meet and cast the anchor By the fair, co - les - tial shore?
 Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work-man-ship di-vine?—
 Shall we know His blessed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne?

CHORUS.



Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the riv - er?



Shall we meet beyond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?

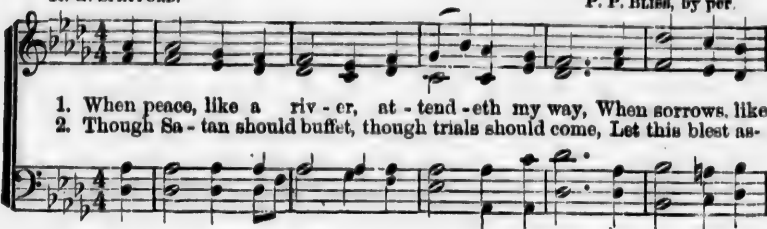
No. 76.

It is Well with My Soul.

"He hath delivered my soul in peace."—Ps. 55: 18.

H. G. SPAFFORD.

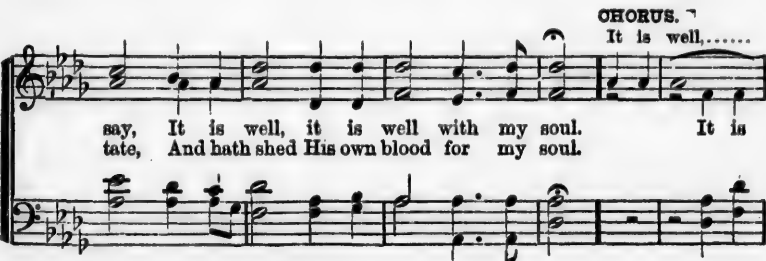
P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sorrows, like
2. Though Sa - tan should buffet, though trials should come, Let this blest as -



sea - bil - lows, roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to
sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es -



CHORUS.
It is well,.....
say, It is well, it is well with my soul. It is
tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.



.....with my soul.....
well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—
My sin—not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul! *Cho.*

4 And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
"Even so"—it is well with my soul. *Cho.*

No. 77.

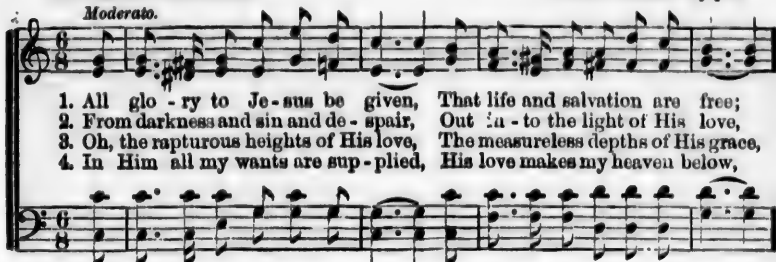
Jesus is Mighty to Save.

"Mighty to save."—Isa. 63: 1.

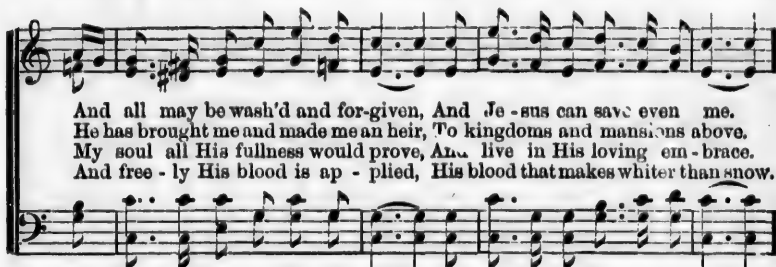
Mrs. ANNIE WITTEMYER.

WM. G. FISCHER by per.

Moderato.



1. All glo - ry to Je - sus be given, That life and salvation are free;
 2. From darkness and sin and de - spair, Out - ra - to the light of His love,
 3. Oh, the rapturous heights of His love, The measureless depths of His grace,
 4. In Him all my wants are sup - plied, His love makes my heaven below,

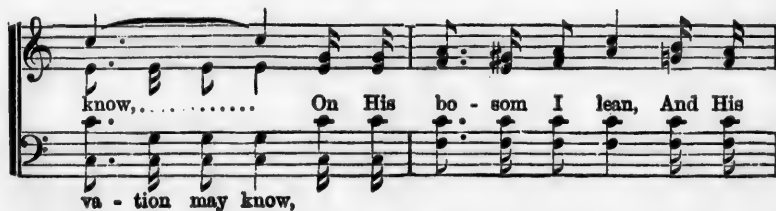


And all may be wash'd and for-given, And Je - sus can save even me.
 He has brought me and made me a heir, To kingdoms and mansions above.
 My soul all His fullness would prove, And live in His loving em - brace.
 And free - ly His blood is ap - plied, His blood that makes whiter than snow.

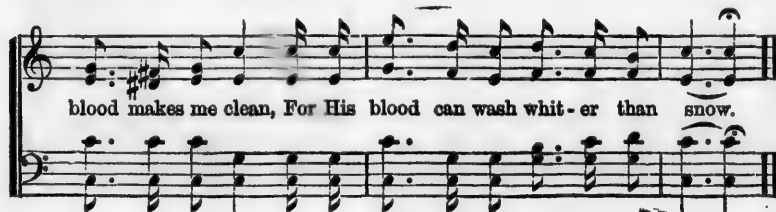
CHORUS.



Yes, Je - sus is mighty to save,..... And all His sal - va - tion may
 is mighty to save, sal -



know,..... On His bo - som I lean, And His
 va - tion may know,



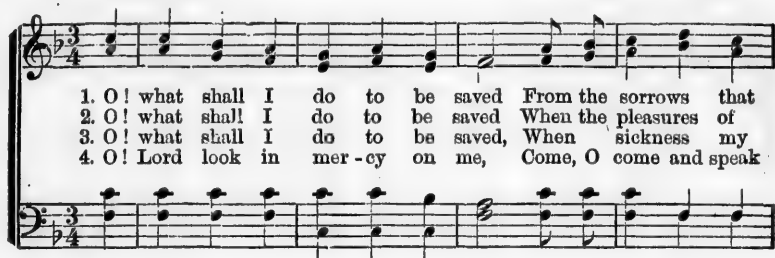
blood makes me clean, For His blood can wash whiter than snow.

No. 78. What Shall I do to be Saved?

"What must I do to be saved?"—ACTS, 16: 30.

J. W. HOLMAN, 1852.

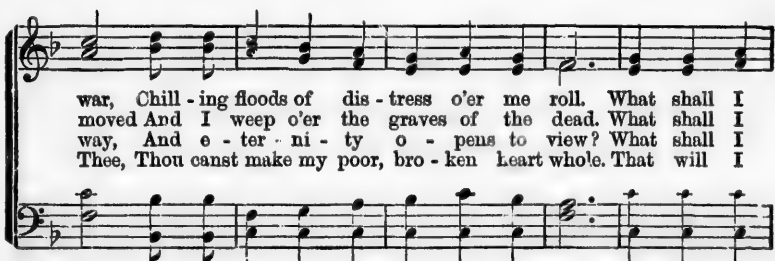
WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.



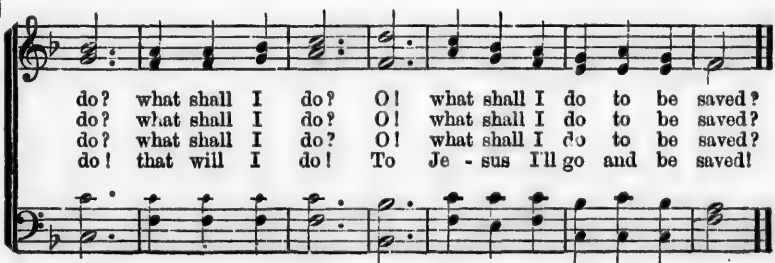
1. O! what shall I do to be saved From the sorrows that
 2. O! what shall I do to be saved When the pleasures of
 3. O! what shall I do to be saved, When sickness my
 4. O! Lord look in mer-cy on me, Come, O come and speak



burden my soul? Like the waves in the storm When the winds are at
 youth are all fled? And the friends I have loved, From the earth are re-
 strength shall subdue? Or the world in a day, Like a cloud roll a-
 peace to my soul: Un-to whom shall I flee, Dearest Lord, but to



war, Chill-ing floods of dis-tress o'er me roll. What shall I
 moved And I weep o'er the graves of the dead. What shall I
 way, And e-ter-ni-ty o-pens to view? What shall I
 Thee, Thou canst make my poor, bro-ken heart whole. That will I



do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
 do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
 do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
 do! that will I do! To Je-sus I'll go and be saved!

No. 79.

Eternity!

"Remember how short my time is."—Ps. 103: 47.

ELLEN H. GATES.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Oh, the clanging bells of Time! Night and day they nev - er cease;
2. Oh, the clanging bells of Time! How their changes rise and fall,

We are wearied with their chime, For they do not bring us peace;
But in un - der tone sublime, Sounding clear - ly through them all,

And we hush our breath to hear, And we strain our eyes to see
Is a voice that must be heard, As our mo - ments onward flee,

Rit. *Rallentando.*
If thy shores are drawing near,—E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!
And it speaketh aye one word,—E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!

3 Oh, the clanging bells of Time!
To their voices, loud and low,
In a long, unresting line
We are marching to and fro;
And we yearn for sight or sound,
Of the life that is to be,
For thy breath doth wrap us round,—
Eternity! Eternity!

4 Oh, the clanging bells of Time!
Soon their notes will all be dumb,
And in joy and peace sublime,
We shall feel the silence come;
And our souls their thirst will slake,
And our eyes the King will see,
When thy glorious morn shall break,—
Eternity! Eternity!

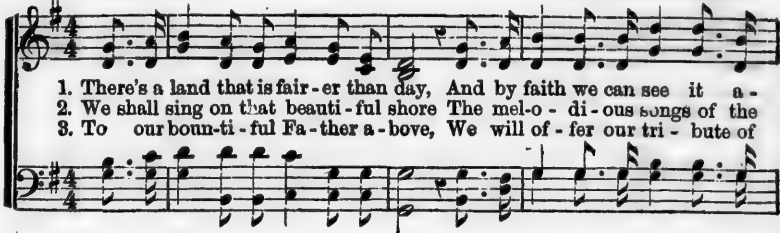
No. 80.

Sweet By-and-By.

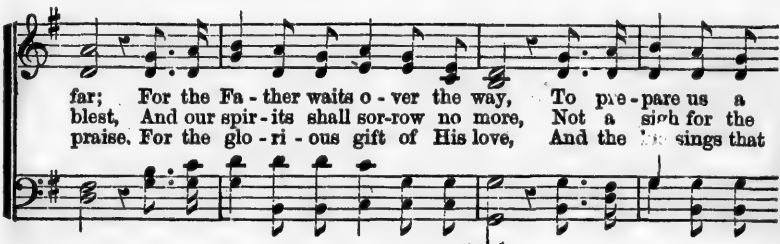
"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isa. 35: 10.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

Jos. P. WEBSTER, by per.

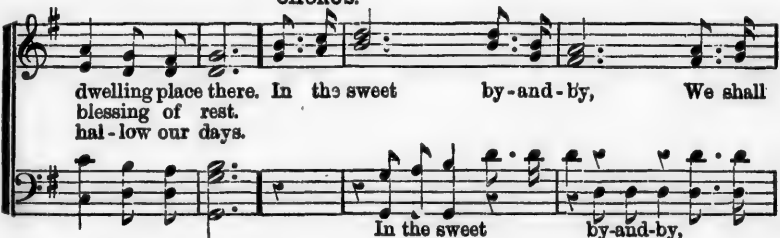


1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a-
 2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The mel-o-di-ous songs of the
 3. To our boun-ti-ful Fa-ther a-bove, We will of-fer our tri-bute of



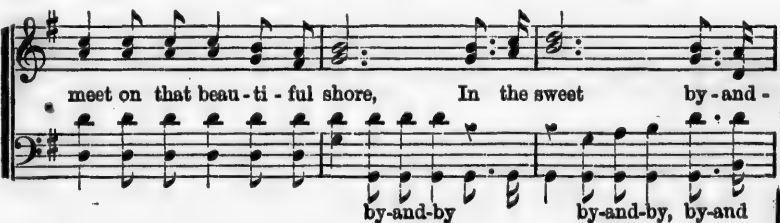
far; For the Fa-ther waits o-ver the way, To pre-pare us a
 blest, And our spir-its shall sor-row no more, Not a sigh for the
 praise, For the glo-ri-ous gift of His love, And the songs that

CHORUS.



dwelling place there. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall
 blessing of rest.
 hal-low our days.

In the sweet by-and-by,



meet on that beau-ti-ful shore, In the sweet by-and-
 by-and-by by-and-by, by-and



by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.
 by, by-and-by,

No. 81.

Watchman, Tell Me.

"Watchman, what of the night?"—ISA. 21: 11.

ANON.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per. FINE.

1. { Watchman tell me does the morning Of fair Zi - on's glo - ry dawn; }
 { Have the signs that mark His coming, Yet up - on my pathway shone? }
 D. C. *Spurn the un - be - lief that bound thee, Morning dawns, a - rise, a - rise!*
 2. { See the glorious light as - cending Of the grand Sab - bat - ic year, }
 { Hark! the voi - ces loud proclaiming The Mes - si - ah's kingdom near; }
 D. C. *Sa - lem, too, ap - pears in grandeur, Tow'ring 'neath her sunlit skies.*

D. C.
 Pil - grim, yes, a - rise, look round thee, Light is breaking in the skies;
 Watchman! yes; I see just yonder, Canaan's glorious heights a-rise;

3 Pilgrim in that golden city,
 Seated in the jasper throne,
 Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,
 Reigns in peace from zone to zone;
 There, on verdant hills and mountains,
 Where the golden sunbeams play,
 Purling streams, and crystal fountains,
 Sparkle in th' eternal day.

4 Pilgrim, see! the light is beaming
 Brighter still upon thy way;
 Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming,
 Omens of thy coming day,
 When the last loud trumpet sounding,
 Shall awake from earth to sea
 All the saints of God now sleeping,—
 Clad in immortality.

No. 82.

Expostulation.

"Turn ye, turn ye—for why will ye die."—EZE. 33: 11.

J. H.

REV. J. HOPKINS, 1830.

1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great
 2. How vain the de - lu - sion, that while you de - lay, Your hearts may grow
 3. The contrite in heart He will free - ly re - ceive, Oh! why will you
 mer - cy is com - ing so nigh? Now Je - sus in - vites you, the
 bet - ter, your chains melt a - way; Come guilty, come wretched, come
 not the glad mes - sage be - lieve? If sin be your bur - den, why

Spirit says, "Come," And an - gels are wait - ing to wel - come you home.
 just as you are All helpless and dy - ing, to Je - sus re - pair.
 will you not come? 'Tis you He makes welcome; he bids you come home.

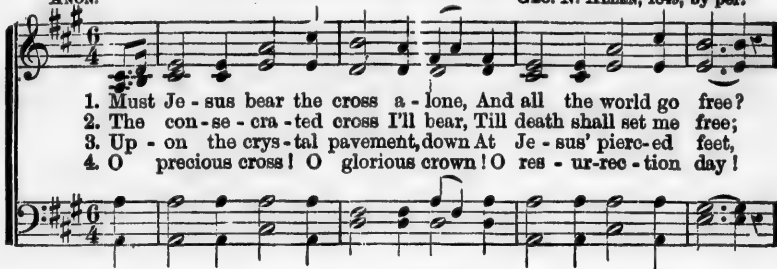
No. 83.

Cross and Crown.

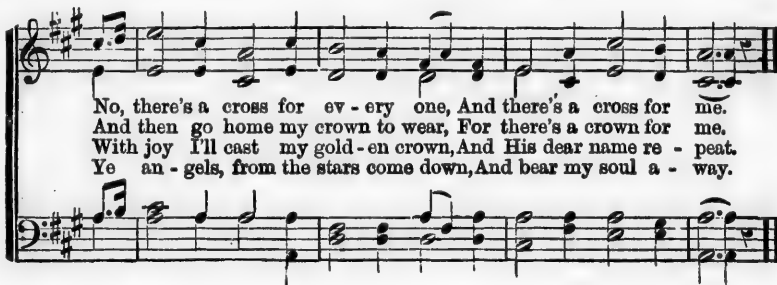
"And he bearing his cross, went forth."—JOHN 19: 17.

ANON.

GEO. N. ALLEN, 1840, by per.



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
 2. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
 3. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,
 4. O pre - cious cross! O glorious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!



No, there's a cross for ev - ery one, And there's a cross for me.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
 With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
 Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

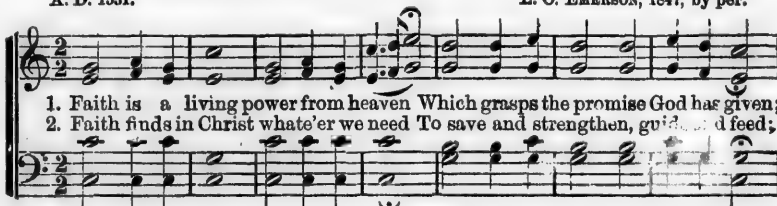
No. 84.

Sessions. L. M.

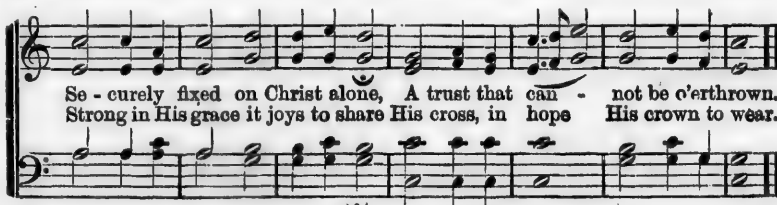
"That the promise by faith might be given to them that believe."—GAL. 3: 24.

A. D. 1531.

L. O. EMERSON, 1847, by per.



1. Faith is a living power from heaven Which grasps the promise God has given;
 2. Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need To save and strengthen, guide and feed;



Se - curely fixed on Christ alone, A trust that can - not be o'erthrown.
 Strong in His grace it joys to share His cross, in hope His crown to wear.

- 3 Faith to the conscience whispers peace, 4 Such faith in us, O God, implant,
 And bids the mourner's sighing cease; And to our prayers Thy favor grant
 By faith the children's right we claim, In Jesus Christ, Thy saving Son,
 And call upon our Father's name. Who is our fount of health alone.

No. 85.

Come, ye Disconsolate.

'Come unto me and I will give you rest.'—MATT. 11: 28.

THO'S. MOORE.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis - con - solate! wher-e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the
2. Joy of the des - o-late, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the

mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel : Here bring your wounded hearts,
pen - i - tent, faithless and pure ! Here speaks the Com - fort - er,

here tell your an - guish ; Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.
ten - der - ly saying, Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life : see waters
flowing,
Forth from the throne of God, pure
from above :
Come to the feast of love ; come, ever
knowing,
Earth has no sorrows, but heaven can
remove.

As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day ;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

No. 86.

Tune—OLIVET.
Key E \flat .

1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine,
Now hear me while I pray :
Take all my guilt away ;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire ;

4 When ends life's transient dream ;
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll ;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
O bear me safe above,—
A ransom'd soul.

RAY PALMER, D. D., 1830.

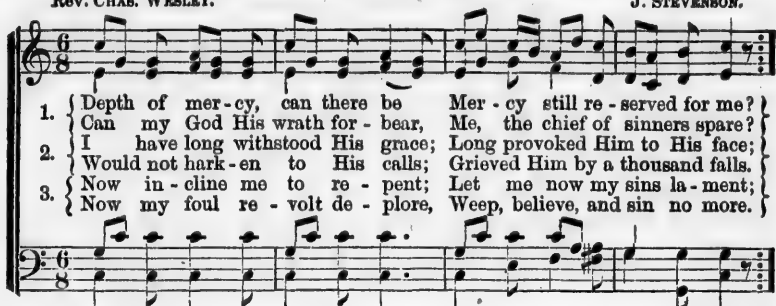
No. 87.

Depth of Mercy.

"A broken and a contrite heart, O God thou wilt not despise."—PSA. 51: 17.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY.

J. STEVENSON.

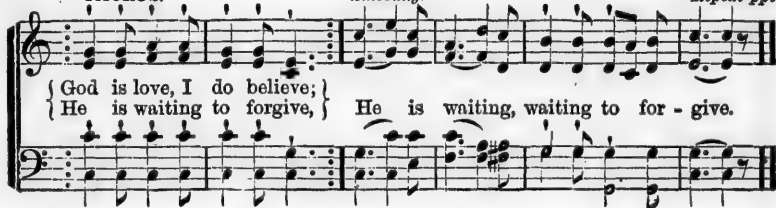


1. { Depth of mer-cy, can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me? }
 Can my God His wrath for-bear, Me, the chief of sinners spare? }
 2. { I have long withstood His grace; Long provoked Him to His face; }
 Would not hark-en to His calls; Grieved Him by a thousand falls. }
 3. { Now in-cline me to re-pent; Let me now my sins la-ment; }
 Now my foul re-volt de-plore, Weep, believe, and sin no more. }

CHORUS.

Smoothly.

Repeat pp.



{ God is love, I do believe; }
 { He is waiting to forgive, } He is waiting, waiting to for-give.

No. 88.

Dare to be a Daniel.

"But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank."—DAN. 1: 8.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. Standing by a pur- pose true, Heed - ing God's com-mand,
2. Ma - ny mighty men are lost, Dar - ing not to stand,
3. Ma - ny gi - ants, great and tall, Stalk - ing thro' the land,
4. Hold the gos-pel ban-ner high! On to vic - t'ry grand!



Hon - or them, the faith-ful few! All hail to Daniel's Band!
 Who for God had been a host, By join-ing Daniel's Band.
 Head-long to the earth would fall, If met by Daniel's Band.
 Sa - lan and his host de - fy, And shout for Daniel's Band.

CHORUS.



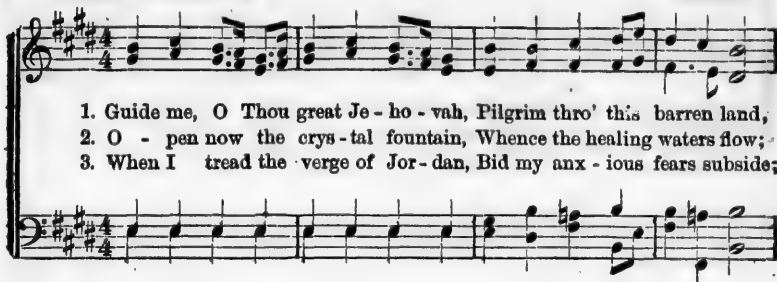
Dare to be a Daniel, Dare to stand alone! Dare to have a purpose firm! Dare to make it known!

No. 89. Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.

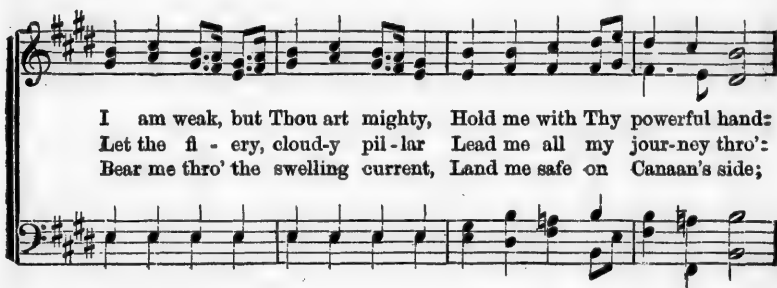
"For Thy name's sake, lead me and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1773.

MOZART.



1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land,
2. O - pen now the crys - tal fountain, Whence the healing waters flow;
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears subside;



I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Let the fi - ery, cloud-y pil-lar Lead me all my jour-ney thro':
Bear me thro' the swelling current, Land me safe on Canaan's side;



Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong Deliverer, Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of praises, Songs of praises, I will ev - er give to Thee.

No. 90.

1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O, refresh us, O, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation

In our hearts and lives abound;
Ever faithful, Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever, May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

REV. WALTER SHIRLEY, 1774.

No. 91. There's a Light in the Valley.

"Though I walk through the valley * * * I will fear no evil"—Psa. 93: 4.

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss, by per.

With Expression.

1. Through the val-ley of the shadow I must go, Where the

cold waves of Jor-dan roll; But the promise of my Shepherd

will I know, Be the rod and the staff to my soul. E - ven

now down the val-ley as I glide, I can hear my Saviour

say, "Follow me!" And with Him I'm not a-fraid to cross the

There's a Light in the Valley.—Concluded.

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "tide, There's a light in the val - ley for me. There's a light in the".

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The melody continues in the treble staff. Dynamics: *f* (forte) at the beginning, *p* (piano) later. The lyrics are: "val - ley, There's a light in the val - ley, There's a light in the".

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The melody continues in the treble staff. The lyrics are: "val - ley for me, And no e - vil will I fear, While my for me,".

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The melody concludes in the treble staff. The lyrics are: "Shepherd is so near, There's a light in the val - ley for me, for me." The system ends with a repeat sign and the instruction "Repeat pp.".

2 Now the rolling of the billows I can hear,
 As they beat on the turf-bound shore;
 But the beacon light of love so bright and clear,
 Guides my bark, frail and lone safely o'er.
 I shall find down the valley no alarms,
 For my Saviour's blessed smile I can see;
 He will bear me in His loving, mighty arms,
 There's a light in the valley for me.
 There's a light, &c.

No. 92. What Shall the Harvest Be?

"Whoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—GAL. 6: 7.

Mrs. EMILY S. OAKES, 1850. *All.*

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Sowing the seed by the daylight fair, Sowing the seed by the noon-day glare,
 2. Sowing the seed by the wayside high, Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
 3. Sowing the seed of a lingering pain, Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,

Sow-ing the seed by the fad-ing light, Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
 Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sowing the seed in the fer-tile soil;
 Sow-ing the seed of a tarnished name, Sowing the seed of e-ter-nal shame;

Oh, what shall the har-vest be?..... Oh, what shall the har-vest be?....

What Shall the Harvest Be.—Concluded.

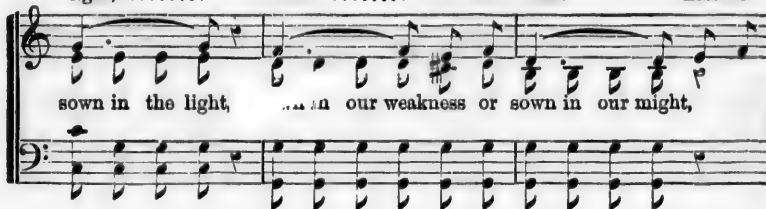
CHORUS.

Sown..... in the dark - - - ness or sown..... in the



Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, Sown in the darkness or

light..... Sown..... in our weak - - - ness or



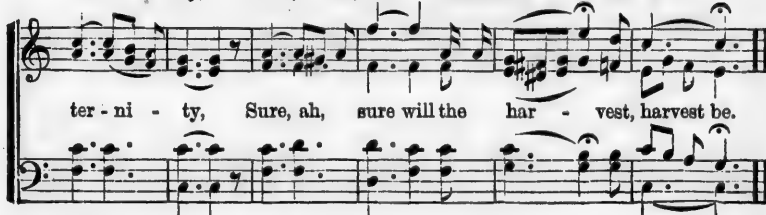
sown in the light, ... in our weakness or sown in our might,

sown..... in our might,..... Gath - ered in time or e -



Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Gath - ered in time or e -

ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest be.....



ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest, harvest be.

4 Sowing the seed with an aching heart
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start
Sowing in hope till the reapers come
Gladly to gather the harvest home:
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?



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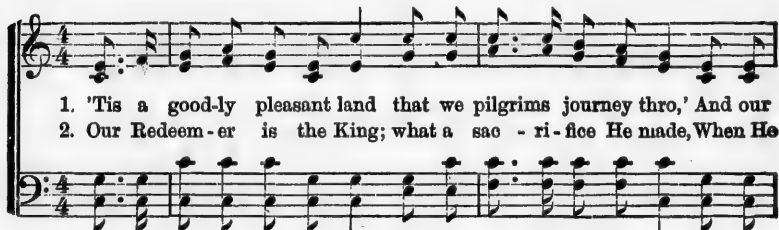
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No. 93. The Palace of the King.

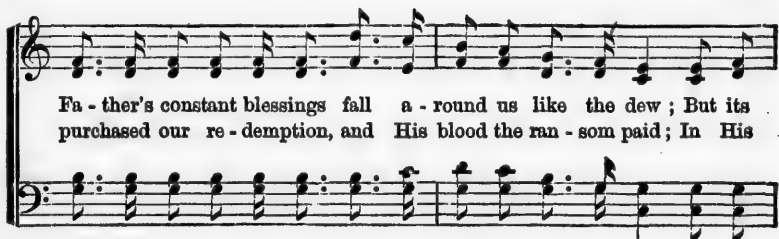
"With gladness—they shall enter into the King's palace."—Ps. 48: 15.

Arr. by FANNY J. CROSBY, 1876.

S. J. VAIL, by per.



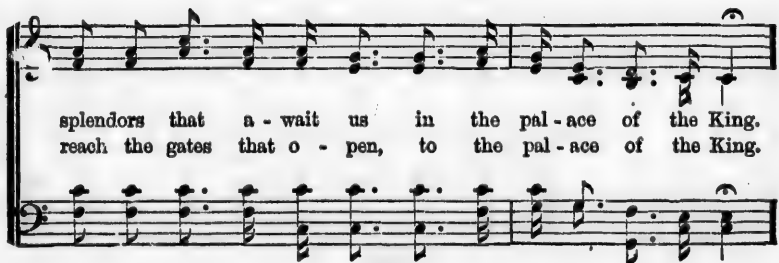
1. 'Tis a good-ly pleasant land that we pilgrims journey thro,' And our
2. Our Redeem-er is the King; what a sac - ri - fice He made, When He



Fa - ther's constant blessings fall a - round us like the dew ; But its
purchased our re - demption, and His blood the ran - som paid ; In His



sunshine and its beau-ty to our hearts no joy can bring, Like the
cross shall be our glo - ry, to that bless - ed cross we'll cling, Till we



splendors that a - wait us in the pal - ace of the King.
reach the gates that o - pen, to the pal - ace of the King.

The Palace of the King.—Concluded.


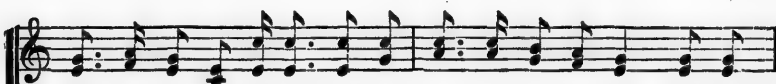
REFRAIN.




In this goodly pleasant land on - ly strangers now are we, For we
We shall see Him bye and bye, hal - le - lu - jah to His name! Thro' the
D.C. O the palace of the King, roy - al palace of the King; Where our




seek a bet - ter country, and 'tis there we long to be; Yes, we
blood of His a - tonement, life e - ter - nal we may claim; We shall
Fu - ther in His mer - cy all the ransomed ones will bring; Where our





long to swell the anthem that for - ev - ermore shall ring, From the
cast our crowns before Him and our songs of vic - t'ry sing, When we
sor - rows and our tri - als like a dream will pass a - way, And our




Rit.

D. C. for Refrain.



pure in heart made perfect in the pal - ace of the King.
en - ter in tri - umphant to the pal - ace of the King.
souls shall dwell for - ev - er in the realms of end - less day.



No. 94.

Out of the Ark.

"Come thou and all thy house into the ark."—GEN. 7: 1.

KATE HARRINGTON.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. They dream'd not of dan - ger, those sin - ners of old, Whom
2. He could not a - rouse them, un - heed-ing they stood, Un -

No - ah was chos-en to warn; By fre-quent transgressions their
mov'd by his warn-ing and prayer; The proph-et passed in from the

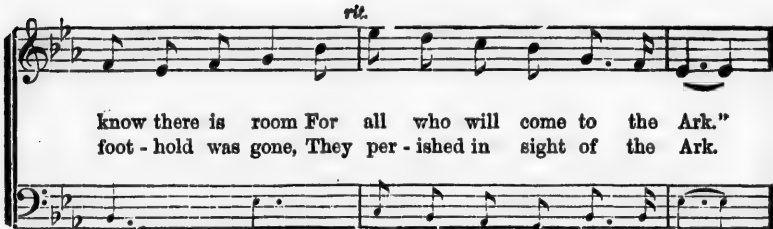
rit.
hearts had grown cold, They laughed his en - treat - ies to scorn:
on - com-ing flood, And left them to hope-less de - spair:

Yet dai - ly he called them, "oh, come, sin - ners, come, Be -
The flood - gates were o - pened, the del - uge came on, The

lieve and pre-pare to em - bark! Re - ceive ye the mes - sage, and
heav-ens as mid-night grew dark, Too late, then they turned, ev - 'ry

Out of the Ark.—Concluded.

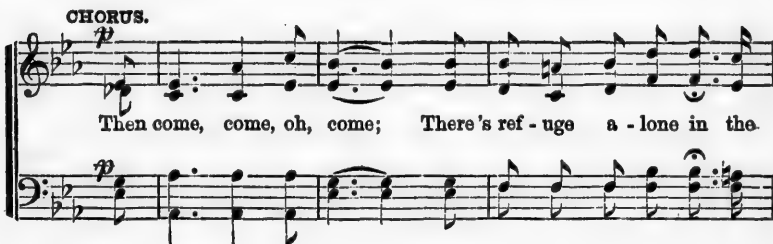
rit.



know there is room For all who will come to the Ark."
foot - hold was gone, They per - ished in sight of the Ark.

CHORUS.

p

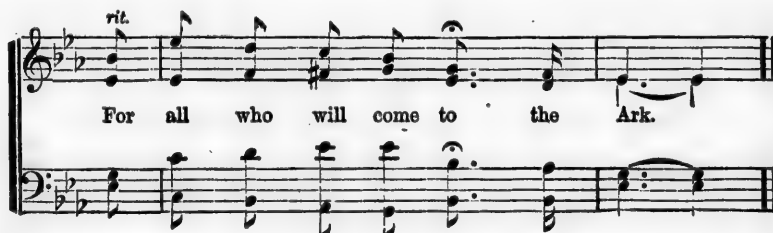


Then come, come, oh, come; There's ref - uge a - lone in the



Ark, Re - ceive ye the mes - sage, and know there is room

rit.



For all who will come to the Ark.

3 O sinners, the heralds of mercy implore,
They cry like the patriarch, "Come;"
The Ark of salvation is moored to your shore,
Oh, enter while yet there is room!
The storm-cloud of Justice rolls dark over head,
And when by its fury you're tossed,
Alas, of your perishing souls 't will be said,
"They heard—they refused—and were lost!"—*Cho*

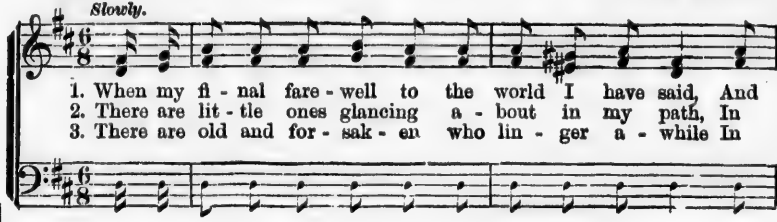
No. 95. Waiting and Watching for Me.

"I shall go to him * * * he shall not return to me."—2 SAM. 12: 23.

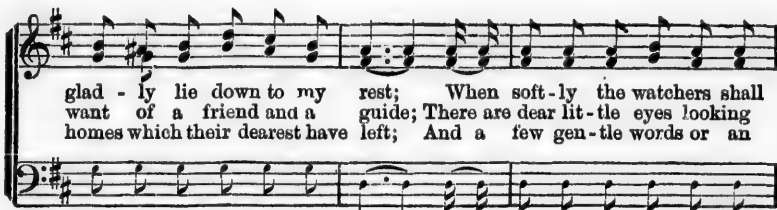
ANON.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

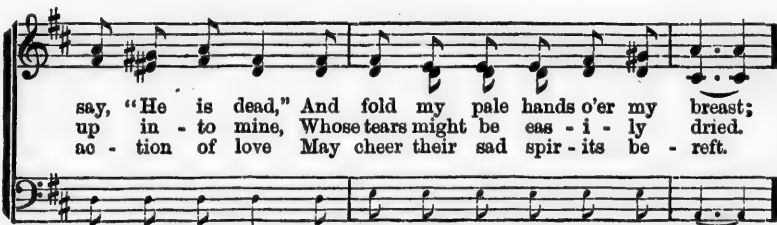
Slowly.



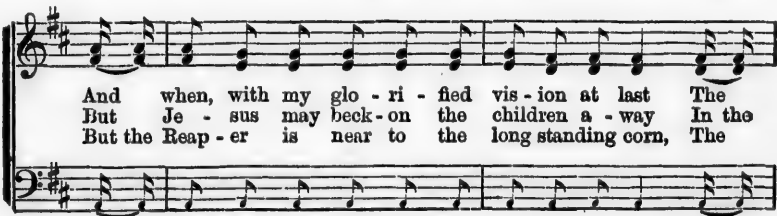
1. When my fi - nal fare - well to the world I have said, And
2. There are lit - tle ones glancing a - bout in my path, In
3. There are old and for - sak - en who lin - ger a - while In



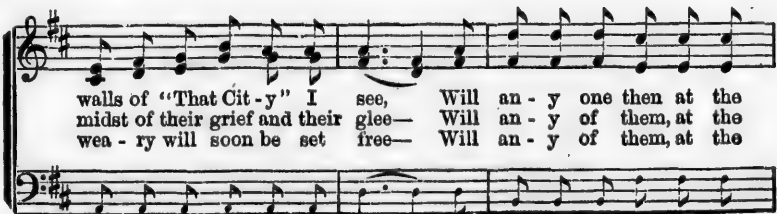
glad - ly lie down to my rest; When soft - ly the watchers shall
want of a friend and a guide; There are dear lit - tle eyes looking
homes which their dearest have left; And a few gen - tle words or an



say, "He is dead," And fold my pale hands o'er my breast;
up in - to mine, Whose tears might be eas - i - ly dried.
ac - tion of love May cheer their sad spir - its be - reft.



And when, with my glo - ri - fied vis - ion at last The
But Je - sus may beck - on the children a - way In the
But the Reap - er is near to the long standing corn, The



walls of "That Cit - y" I see, Will an - y one then at the
midst of their grief and their glee— Will an - y of them, at the
wea - ry will soon be set free— Will an - y of them, at the

Waiting and Watching for Me.—Concluded.

beau - ti - ful gate, Be wait - ing and watching for me?
 beau - ti - ful gate, Be wait - ing and watching for me?
 beau - ti - ful gate, Be wait - ing and watching for me?

Will an - y one then, at the beau - ti - ful gate, Be
 Will an - y of them, at the beau - ti - ful gate, Be
 Will an - y of them, at the beau - ti - ful gate, Be

wait - ing and watching for me? Be waiting and
 wait - ing and watching for me?
 wait - ing and watching for me? Be waiting

watching, Be wait - ing and watching for me?
 and watching,

4 Oh, should I be brought there by the bountiful grace
 Of Him who delights to forgive,
 Though I bless not the weary about in my path,
 Pray only for self while I live,—
 Methinks I should mourn o'er my sinful neglect,
 If sorrow in heaven can be,
 ||:Should no one I love, at the beautiful gate,
 Be waiting and watching for me! :||

No. 96.

Till He Come.

"For yet a little while and He that shall come will come."—HEB. 10: 37.

Rev. E. H. BICKERSTETH. 1860.

P. P. Bliss, by per.

1. "Till He come!"—oh, let the words Linger on the trembling chords;
 D. C.—Let us think, how heav'n and home Lie be-yond that "TILL HE COME!"
 2. When the wea-ry ones we love En-ter on that rest a-bove,
 D. C.—Hush! be ev-ery mur-mur dumb, It is on-ly "TILL HE COME!"

Let the "lit-tle while" be-tween In their gold-en light be seen;
 When their words of love and cheer Fall no long-er on our ear,

3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
 Would we have one sorrow less?
 All the sharpness of the cross,
 All that tells the world is loss,
 Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
 Pain us only "Till He come!"

4 See the feast of love is spread,
 Drink the wine and eat the bread;
 Sweet memorials, till the Lord
 Call us round His heavenly board,
 Some from earth, from glory some,
 Severed only "Till He come!"

No. 97.

Almost Persuaded.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—ACTS. 26: 28.

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss, by per.

1. "Al-most per-suaded" now to be-lieve; "Al-most per-suaded"
 2. "Al-most per-suaded," come, come, to-day; "Al-most per-suaded,"
 3. "Al-most per-suaded," har-vest is past! "Al-most per-suaded,"

Christ to re-ceive. Seems now some soul to say: "Go, Spir-it,
 turn not a-way. Je-sus in-vites you here, An-gels are
 doom comes at last! "Al-most" can-not a-vail; "Al-most" is

go thy way, Some more con-ve-nient day On thee I'll call"
 ling'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear: Oh, wand'rer, comel
 but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit-ter wail: "Al-most," but lost!"

No. 98.

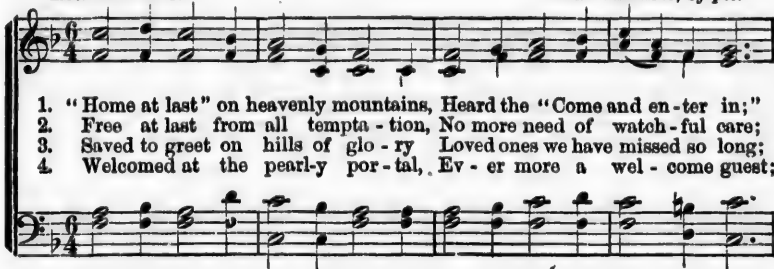
Home at Last.

"In my Father's house are many mansions.... I go to prepare a place for you."—JOHN 14: 2.

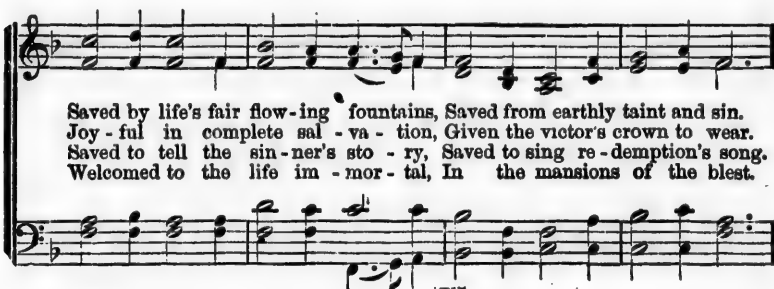
"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying,"—REV. 21: 4.

Mrs. M. P. A. C.

IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.



1. "Home at last" on heavenly mountains, Heard the "Come and en-ter in;"
 2. Free at last from all tempta-tion, No more need of watch-ful care;
 3. Saved to greet on hills of glo-ry Loved ones we have missed so long;
 4. Welcomed at the pearly por-tal, Ev-er more a wel-come guest;

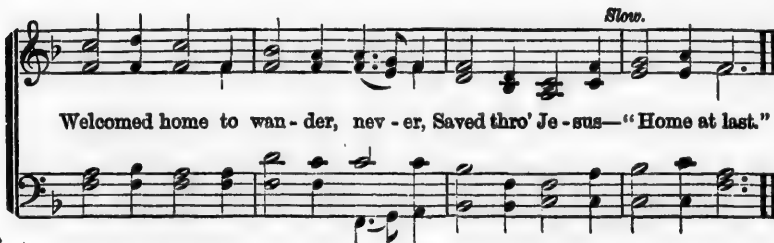


Saved by life's fair flow-ing fountains, Saved from earthly taint and sin.
 Joy-ful in complete sal-va-tion, Given the victor's crown to wear.
 Saved to tell the sin-ner's sto-ry, Saved to sing re-demption's song.
 Welcomed to the life im-mor-tal, In the mansions of the blest.

REFRAIN.



"Home, sweet home," our home forev-er; All the pil-grim-jour-ney past;



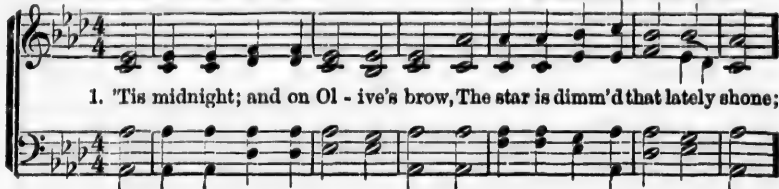
Slow.
 Welcomed home to wan-der, nev-er, Saved thro' Je-sus—"Home at last."

No. 99.

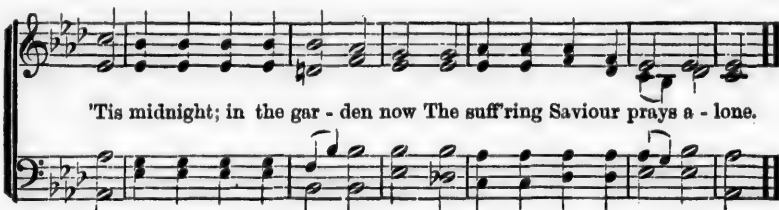
Olive's Brow. L. M.

Rev. WM. BINGHAM TAPPAN, 1819.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1855, by per.



1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol - ive's brow, The star is dimm'd that lately shone;



'Tis midnight; in the gar - den now The suff'ring Saviour prays a - lone.

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
Ev'n that disciple whom He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt,
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He, who hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by His God.

4 'Tis midnight; and, from ether-plains
Is born the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

5 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836.

—o—

No. 100. G. H. & S. S., No. 1., page 55.
Key E \flat .

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot. [spot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

No. 101. Tune—HAPPY DAY. L. M.
Key G.

1 O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done—
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

3 Now rest, my long-divided heart:
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed, shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

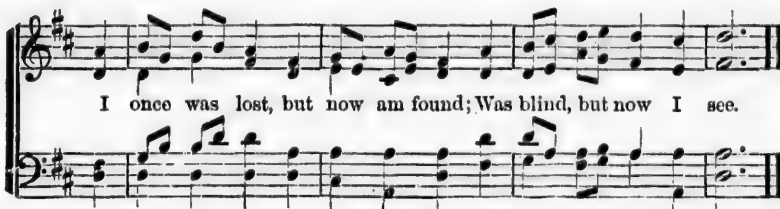
PHILIP DODDGE, 1755.

No. 102.

Warwick. C. M.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

SAMUEL STANLEY, 1806.



2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

—o—

No. 103. Tune—G. H. & S. S. No. 1, p. 89.
Key C.

1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

REF.—Lose all their guilty stains,
Lose all their guilty stains;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.—Wash all, &c.

3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.—And shall, &c.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,

When this poor, lisping, stammering
tongue
Lies silent in the grave.—Lies si-
lent, &c.

WM. COWPER, 1779.

—o—

No. 104.

EVAN. C. M.
Key A_b.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."

2 I came to Jesus as I was—
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light,
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

6 I look'd to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D., 1857.

No. 105.

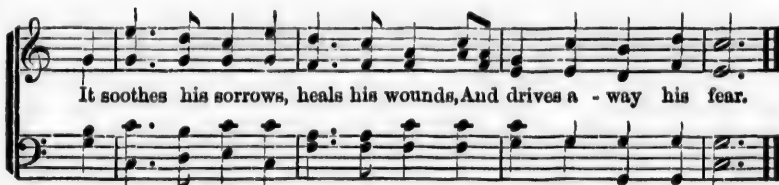
Brown. C. M.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON, 1775.

WM B. BRADBURY, 1844, by per.



1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liever's ear;



It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace,

4 Jesus my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,—
Accept the praise I bring.

5 I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.



No. 106.

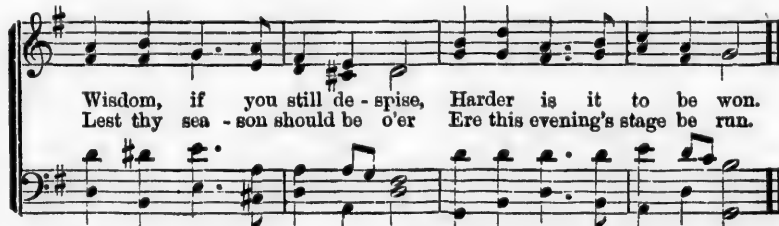
Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

THO S. SCOTT, 1773.

IGNACE PLEYEL, 1800.



1. Hasten, sin - ner, to be wise! Stay not for the morrow's sun:
2. Hasten, mer - cy to im-plore! Stay not for the morrow's sun,



Wisdom, if you still de - spise, Harder is it to be won.
Lest thy sea - son should be o'er Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun.
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

No. 107.

Shirland. S. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D., 1802.

SAMUEL STANLEY, 1802.



- 2 I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

No. 108.

Hebron. L. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D., 1802.

DR. L. MASON, 1830.



- 2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.
- 3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,—
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.
- 4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.
- 5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

No. 109.

Marlow. C. M.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

English.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heavenly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning powers,

Kin - dle a flame of heavenly love In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

3 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

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No. 110.

Come, Thou Fount.

Rev. R. ROBINSON, 1753.

Old Melody, 1812.

FINE.

1 } Come, Thou Fount of ev - ery blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise;
D.C. Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it! Mount of Thy re - deeming love.

Teach me some mel - o - dious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above;

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 111. Tune—G. H. & S. S., No. 1, p. 85.
Key B \flat .

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed:
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil Thy laws demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Rev. A. M. TOPLADY, 1776.

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No. 112. Tune—WORK FOR THE NIGHT.
Key F.

- 1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter.
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies,
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

Arr. from Rev. S. DYER, 1854,
by ANNIE L. WALKER, 1860.

No. 113. Tune—G. H. & S. S., No. 1, p. 74.
Key D.

- 1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known:
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
||: And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer. :||
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
||: I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. :||
- 4 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!
May I thy consolation share;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
||: And shout, while passing thro' the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer. :||
Rev. W. W. WALFORD, 1846.

—o—

No. 114. Tune—G. H. & S. S., No. 1, p. 5.
Key A \flat .

- 1 I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine,
Can peace afford.
- REF.—I need Thee, oh! I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour!
I come to Thee.
- 2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.
- 3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.
- 4 I need Thee every hour:
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.
- 5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWES, 1873.

No. 115. Tune—G. H. & S. S. No. 1, p. 10.
Key G.

- 1 What means this eager, anxious throng,
Which moves with busy haste along—
These wondrous gatherings day by day?
What means this strange commotion,
pray?

||: In accents hush'd the throng reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

- 2 Who is this Jesus? why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?

||: Again the stirring tones reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

- 3 Jesus, 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened ones, where'er He came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame,

||: The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

- 4 Again He comes! from place to place
His holy footprints we can trace.
He pauseth at our threshold—*nay*,
He enters—condescends to stay.

||: Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

- 5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden come:
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.

||: Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

- 6 But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.

||: "Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by." :||

Miss EMMA CAMPBELL, 1864.

—O—

No. 116. Tune—G. H. & S. S. No. 1, p. 18.
Key E \flat .

- 1 Free from the law, oh, happy condition,
Jesus hath bled, and there is remission;
Curs'd by the law and bruised by the fall,
Grace hath redeemed us once for all.

CHO.—
Once for all, oh, sinner receive it,
Once for all, oh, brother believe it;
Cling to the Cross, the burden will fall,
Christ hath redeemed us once for all.

- 2 Now are we free—there's no condemna-
Jesus provides a perfect salvation; tion,
"Come unto Me," oh, hear His sweet call,
Come, and He saves us once for all.

- 3 "Children of God," oh, glorious calling,
Surely His grace will keep us from falling;
Passing from death to life at His call,
Blessed salvation once for all.

P. P. BLISS.

No. 117. Tune—G. H. & S. S. No. 1, p. 46.
Key F.

- 1 Jesus, keep me near the Cross,
There a precious fountain
Free to all—a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

CHO.—In the Cross, in the Cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

- 2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Shed its beams around me.

- 3 Near the Cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me.

- 4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

FANNY J. CROSBY, Feb. 1868.

—O—

No. 118. Tune—G. H. & S. S. No. 1, p. 90.
Key A.

- 1 Oh, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

REF.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there.

- 2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

REF.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.

- 3 My Saviour is now over there, [rest,
There my kindred and friends are at
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

REF.—Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

- 4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

REF.—Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.
Rev. D. W. C. HUNTINGTON, 1868.

—O—

No. 119. Tune.—PRAYER. 75.
Key D.

- 1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer,
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee, *nay*.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring,
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin ;
Let Thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast,
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON, 1778.

—O—

No. 120. TUNE—ANTIOCH.
Key E \flat .

- 1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come !
Let earth receive her King ;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,
- 3 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

—O—

No. 121. 8s, 72s, 8.
Key E.

- 1 There's a beautiful land on high,
To its glories I fain would fly,—
When by sorrows pressed down, I long for
a crown,
In that beautiful land on high.
Cho.—In that beautiful land I'll be,
From earth and its cares set free ;
My Jesus is there, He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

2 There's a beautiful land on high,
I shall enter it by and by ;
There, with friends, hand in hand, I shall
walk on the strand,
In that beautiful land on high. Cho.

3 There's a beautiful land on high,
Then why should I fear to die,
When death is the way to the realms of day,
In that beautiful land on high. Cho.

4 There's a beautiful land on high,
And my kindred its bliss enjoy ;
Methinks I now see how they're waiting
for me,
In that beautiful land on high. Cho.

5 There's a beautiful land on high,
And though here I oft weep and sigh,
My Jesus hath said that no tears shall be
shed,

In that beautiful land on high. Cho.

6 There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say "good-bye !"
When over the river we're happy forever,
In that beautiful land on high. Cho.

JAMES NICHOLSON, 1856.

—O—

No. 122. Tune—G. H. & S. S., No. 1, p. 87.
Key E \flat .

- 1 Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin,
Each victory will help you
Some other to win ;
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

Cho.—Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep
He is willing to aid you, [you ;
He will carry you through.

- 2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in reverence,
Nor take it in vain ;
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind-hearted and true,
Look over to Jesus,
He'll carry you through. Cho.

- 3 To him that o'ercometh
God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down ;
He who is our Saviour,
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through. Cho.

H. R. PALMER, 1868.

—O—

No. 123. Tune—G. H. & S. S., No. 1, p. 94.
Key E \flat .

- 1 Nothing but leaves ! The spirit grieves
O'er years of wasted life ;
O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,
O'er vows and promises unkept,
And reap from years of strife—
Nothing but leaves ! nothing but leaves !
- 2 Nothing but leaves ! No gathered sheaves,
Of life's fair ripening grain :
We sow our seeds ; lo ! tares and weeds,—
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds—
Then reap, with toil and pain,
Nothing but leaves ! nothing but leaves !
- 3 Nothing but leaves ! sad mem'ry weaves
No veil to hide the past :
And as we trace our weary way,
And count each lost and misspent day
We sadly find at last—
Nothing but leaves ! nothing but leaves !
- 4 Ah, who shall thus the Master meet,
And bring but withered leaves ?
Ah, who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment-seat
Lay down for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves ! nothing but leaves !

L. E. A., alt.

No. 124. Tune—SHINING SHORE.
Key G.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.
CHO.—For O, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning. CHO.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing CHO.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says Come, and there's our
Forever, O forever. CHO. [home,
REV. DAVID NELSON, 1835.

—O—

No. 125. Tune—G. H. & S. S., No. 1, p. 86.
Key A₂.

1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me.
CHO.—Even me, even me,
Let Thy blessing fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy fall on me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me.

4 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless—
Magnify them all in me.

5 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord to Thee;
While the streams of life are springing
Blessing others, oh, bless me.

Mrs. ELIZABETH CODNER, 1860.

—O—

No. 126. Tune—G. H. & S. S., No. 1, p. 57.
Key E₂.

1 O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy
Our load was laid on Thee; [head!
Thou stodest in the sinner's stead,
Didst bear all ill for me.
▲ Victim led, Thy blood was shed;
Now there's no load for me.

2 Death and the curse were in our cup—
O Christ, 'twas full for Thee!
But Thou hast drained the last dark
'Tis empty now for me. [drop—
That bitter cup—love drank it up;
Now blessings' draught for me.

3 Jehovah lifted up His rod—
O Christ it fell on Thee!
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God;
There's not one stroke for me.
Thy tears, Thy blood beneath it flow'd;
Thy bruising health me.

4 The tempest's awful voice was heard—
O Christ, it broke on Thee!
Thy open bosom was my ward,
It braved the storm for me.
Thy form was scarr'd, Thy visage marr'd,
Now cloudless peace for me.

5 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee;
Thou'rt risen: my bands are all untied,
And now Thou liv'st in me.
When purified, made white, and tried,
Thy GLORY then for me.

Mrs. ANNIE ROSS COUSIN.

—O—

No. 127.

8s & 7s.
Key C.

1 We are waiting by the river,
We are watching on the shore,
Only waiting for the boatman,
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

2 Though the mist hang o'er the river,
And its billows loudly roar,
Yet we hear the song of angels,
Wafted from the other shore.

3 And the bright celestial city,
We have caught such radiant gleams,
Of its towers like dazzling sunlight,
With its sweet and peaceful streams.

4 He has called for many a loved one,
We have seen them leave our side;
With our Saviour we shall meet them
When we too have crossed the tide.

5 When we've passed the vale of shadows,
With its dark and chilling tide,
In that bright and glorious city
We shall evermore abide.

Miss MARY P. GRIFFIN,

—O—

No. 128. Tune—G. H. & S. S., No. 1, p. 26.
Key G.

1 My God I have found
The thrice blessed ground,
Where life, and where joy, and true com-
fort abound.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Revive us again.

2 'Tis found in the blood
Of Him who once stood
My refuge and safety, my surety with God.

3 He bore on the tree
The sentence for me,
And now both the surety and sinner are free.

4 And though here below
'Mid sorrow and woe,
My place is in heaven with Jesus I know.

5 And this I shall find,
For such is His mind,
"He'll not be in glory and leave me behind."

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 129. Tune—G. H. & S. S. No. 1, p. 26.
Key G.

1 Rejoice and be glad!
The Redeemer has come! [tomb.
Go look on His cradle, His cross and His
Cho.—Sound His praises, tell the Story
Of Him who was slain;
Sound His praises, tell with glad-
He liveth again. [ness,

2 Rejoice and be glad!
It is sunshine at last! [past.
The clouds have departed, the shadows are
3 Rejoice and be glad!
For the blood hath been shed;
Redemption is finished, the price hath
been paid.

4 Rejoice and be glad!
Now the pardon is free! [tree.
The Just for the unjust hath died on the
5 Rejoice and be glad!
For the Lamb that was slain
O'er death is triumphant and liveth again.

6 Rejoice and be glad!
For our King is on high,
He pleadeth for us on His throne in the sky.

7 Rejoice and be glad!
For He cometh again; [slain.
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was
Cho.—Sound His praises, tell the Story
Of Him who was slain;
Sound His praises, tell with glad-
He cometh again. [ness,

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D., 1874.

No. 130. Tune—G. H. & S. S. No. 1, p. 16.
Key D.

1 Ho! my comrades, see the signal
Waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh!

Cho.—"Hold the fort, for I am coming,"
Jesus signals still,
Wave the answer back to heaven,—
"By Thy grace we will."

2 See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on;
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone.

3 See the glorious banner waving,
Hear the bugle blow.
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe.

4 Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our Help is near;
Onward comes our Great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!

P. P. BLISS, 1870.

No. 131. Tune—G. H. & S. S., No. 1, p. 36.
Key E \flat .

1 I hear the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in Me thine all in all.

Cho.—Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain;
He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

5 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

Mrs. ELYNA M. HALL, 1865.

No. 132. Tune—G. H. & S. S. No. 1, p. 80.
Key E \flat .

1 Only an armor-bearer, proudly I stand,
Waiting to follow at the King's command;
Marching if "onward" shall the order be,
Standing by my Captain, serving faithfully.

Cho.—
Hear ye the battle cry! "Forward," the
call!

See! see the faltering ones! backward
they fall!

||: Surely the Captain may depend on me,
Tho' but an armor-bearer I may be. :||

2 Only an armor-bearer, now in the field,
Guarding a shining helmet, sword, and
shield,

Waiting to hear the thrilling battle-cry,
Ready then to answer, "Master, here am I."

3 Only an armor-bearer, yet may I share
Glory immortal, and a bright crown wear
If, in the battle, to my trust I am true,
Mine shall be the honors in the Grand Re-
view.

P. P. BLISS.

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